The Times.

A LITERARY AND FAMILY JOURNAL.

The Reading Matter will consist of Original Stories, History, Biography, Agriculture, Education, Poetry, and the Foreign and Domestic News of the Day.

VOL. II.} NO. 11.} GREENSBORO, N. C., THURSDAY, MARCH 12, 1857. {WHOLE NO. 62.

THE TIMES.

GREENSBOROUGH, N. C.

WRITTEN FOR THE TIMES.

THE YOUNG MOTHER.

BY CLARA AUGUSTA.

Smiles on her brow, smiles in her happy eyes,
Smiles blent with dimples, bright with witching grace;
Smiles in the rose which on her rich lip lies—
Smiles and pink blushes o'er her fair young face!
How burns the love-light in that speaking look—
Read from her face as from an unclasped book—
The bright anticipations garnered there,
Centering round one just given to her care.

A lovely cherub infant, weak and faint,
Lacking but wings to be an angel quite—
Unstained, unblemished with the foul earth-taint;
Its soul unspotted, pure, and lily-white,
Its feeble cries are music in her ears—
She bathes its face with joyful dropping tears;
Out of her night of anguish bliss is born,
And tenfold gorgeous breaks the golden morn!

She sees in the far future only joy,
Claims as her own the little treasure lent;
Looks in the blue eyes of her baby boy
Whole floods of bliss within her bosom pent!
His young life bound to hers by doubts and fears,
By every tie which soul to soul endears;
Earth-born, recorded fair and good on high—
A cherub dropped from depths of mercy's sky!

Young mother, O be heavenly in thy love,
Ready at any moment to resign
To God's good keeping, thy sweet little dove,
When He shall call, 'come to my kingdom, *mine!*'
And let thy life be one of prayerful truth,
That thou may'st guide up the steep hill of youth
Thy darling boy, safe to the Christ who died
That all might live! Our God!—the Sanctified!

WRITTEN FOR THE TIMES.

DESPISE NOT SIMPLE THINGS.

BY PONINGOE.

Despise not simple things!
The humblest flow'r, that wakes
In early spring to scent the air
Of woodland brakes,
Should have thy love, as well
As the blushing parlor rose,
That never felt the perfect breath
Of nature, round it close.

Despise not simple things!
The poor demand thy love,
As well as those who in the halls
Of splendor move,
The beggar at thy door
Thou shouldst not e'erdespise,
For may be, 'neath his tattered garb
A noble spirit lies.

Despise not simple things!
An ant can speak of toil:
The buttercup can light the heart,
With its sweet smile.
'Tis not the lofty mount alone
Which high thought to us brings;
There's something noble and sublime
In the love of simple things.

WRITTEN FOR THE TIMES.

There's Power in a Thought.

Yes, there's power in a thought. Look at it. Look around you: you meet with the power of mind, mind manifesting itself, on every hand; in every direction! See the arts alone. There they are: houses, shops, machines, ships, steamboats, steamships, bridges, railways, plankroads, lightning rods, telegraphs; there they are, a thousand and one. And the sciences shall we speak of them? Shall we bind ourselves by the sweet influences of Pleiades; or build the Copernican system; or chain the worlds to their Newtonian centres; or talk with far off continents with Morse, by our side; or read the histories of the everlasting ages from books of geology; shall we dive deep and soar high; bid nature bring up from her store houses her hidden treasures of knowledge or fetch from afar the gems and wealth of her wisdom? Mind, the power of mind, has already done this, all this.

Mind, like Phillip, conquers all, achieves all and leaves naught for her Alexanders to accomplish; there is no field, no department, no place, but mind has traveled there, searched all, seen all, learned all. "There is no new thing under the sun. Is there any thing whereof it may be said, see, *this* is new?" Mind is like the ocean, it is never still, always rolling, always heaving onward, upward its mountain-billows; go back a thousand years in imagination, the ocean rolls and breaks its foam at your feet, and you listen to the heavy melody of the sea-dirge just as you would to-day. A thousand years have come and gone and left the human mind, the same restless, surging sea-serf, that it was in the days of the Greeks; in the days of Virgil; or in the days of Bacon. Like the ocean it rolls on and on, now and then, washing up from the depths below some new bright gem.

But look at mind again; you see that urchin of a boy passthe footway out there; penniless, friendless, no father, no mother, unknown and unnoticed; no one thinks of the boy, but by and by the boy thinks of himself. The thought gets into his head, that he will make a man of himself and let the world feel his tread upon it. "And this world trembles when a thinker steps upon it," says Emerson.

He goes to work. He is not ashamed to dig though he is to beg. He digs and thinks and thinks and digs. He gradually puts off his threadbare garb and puts on more decent clothing. He begins now and then to draw the attention of the observing part of the people around him. He has got into a condition where he can call to his aid the labor of those gone before in the world of thoughts; and he studies on. He is now become a man; a *main of power;* and walks forth to astonish the world with his genius of philosophy, like Franklin; or surprise it with his researches, like Newton; or charm it with music, like Handel; or overwhelm it with eloquence like Demosthenes. The world feels the tread of that urchin-boy!

A *thought!* And Alexander *thought* when a boy, he would one day conquer the world, and Alexander died the master of the nations. Columbus *thought* there lay an undiscovered land west of the seas; and Columbus has left his name on history as the discoverer of a New World. Napoleon *thought* that he was destined to something great in the world, and Napoleon made the nations feel the crushing power of his arm. The fall of an apple gave Newton the thought of the great law of nature that rolls the worlds on nothing and binds systems together in harmony. And this Eureka of the mind how it moved the great heart of the Augustine Friar, when passing over an old Latin Bible his eyes first fell on these words "*Justus ex fide vivit.*" That little sentence fired the heart of the monk, nerved his soul with power, and moved the man to a course of action that roused the world from its slumber and emancipated the nations from papal domination. "The just shall live by faith." Aye; there was power in the sentiment. Men opposed; queens took counsel together; kings and emperors threatened; the Pope thundered and Rome raged; but empowered by that thought, the Monk stood like the adamant. The sword gleamed for his blood; fires were kindled to burn him; mobs clubbed to slay him; armies mustered to crush him; but the monk empowered by the thought from his old Latin Bible still, lifted his voice in tones of power above kings and princes; above pope and cardinals; above fire and sword, and cried on high, "The just shall live by faith alone." That living word echoed through the hills of Germany and swept through the mountain-passes of the Alps down to the land of the Swiss. Zuingle gave back the chorus and men were made free!

A *thought!* Then there is the great thought of nature: And there's power in *that* thought! see the power of nature around you; the power that darts the sunbeam or drives the lightning's flash of fire; the power that treads in the earthquake or falls in the ocean-billow, the power that whispers in the zephyr's breath or thunders in the whirlwind: the power that places the dew-drop or rolls the sun; see the power in nature; Then look out around, above, beneath you: Feel the great Mind of divinity, the soul of Nature, come down upon you through these ten thousand channels. Feel its mighty energies on you, gaze out upon the hills and rocks; the streams and lawns around you; as you look down into the store houses of the fountains of the great deep beneath you; as you look up at the beaming wonders above you! O there is power there in all these; in the hands of the everlasting hills; in the foundations of the mighty deep: in the moon walking in silent majesty through the skies; in the sun rolling his "dazzling orb of liquid fire" in the heavens; there is power there.

> "The spacious firmament on high,
> With all the blue ethereal sky,
> And spangled heavens (a shining frame)
> Their great original proclaim!
> Th' unwearied sun from day to day
> Doth his Creator's power display,
> And publishes to every land
> The work of an Almighty hand."

Now these are the ways in which God *thinks;* and His thoughts says the Psalmist, "are very deep." Job said "Lo! these are parts of his ways! but how little a portion is heard of Him? but the thunder of His power who can understand?" "God hath spoken once: twice have I heard this: that *power belongeth unto God.*"

A *thought!* There's a thought greater still; greater than all these! greater than the achievements of art or the discoveries of science, or the works of nature; greater than all the shops and houses and railroads and steamships that men have built; greater than all the mighty thoughts of Newton and Frankling and Bacon and Luther; greater than all the bold actions of a thousand Alexanders and Scipios; a thought that has more depth of conception more power of apprehension, more energy of action than the thought that moves the sunbeam; or drives the lightning-flash! that rocks in the earthquake, or rolls in the ocean billow; that murmurs in the zephyr, or thunders in the whirlwind, that sparkles in the dew-drop, or glows in the sun, that holds the world on nothing or builds the firmament in sapphire: and that is the *thought of the Atonement—the gospel!* A thought so deep, so high, so vast, so stupendous, angels stood silent and awe-struck before its proud conception; men marvelled, wept, then rejoiced; devils were confounded, then overwhelmed!

> "Endless scenes of wonder rise
> With that mysterious tree,
> Crucified before our eyes,
> Where we our Maker see;
> Jesus, Lord, what hath thou done?
> Publish we the death divine,
> Stop and gaze, and fall, and own
> *Was never love like thine.*"

Readers of the Times, I cannot now in this short article tell much of its underworking grace; I could go back and speak of the subjects of its saving power! could speak of Enoch, and Noah, and Abraham! could talk of the wonders wrought in the land of Ham; of the high-handed, power in the Red Sea; could speak of Horeb and Sinai: could also tell how the people of the Lord were fed by bread that fell from heaven and watered by streams that gushed from the rock: how hail stones and clouds and winds and fires all becomes the servants of their *Power* to minister vengeance upon the enemies of the people of grace! how that raging seas and rolling rivers opened passage before their march! how that bulwarks and walls of their enemies fell before their assaults like things of magic! how that no instruments no power could stand before them!

Then I could come down and speak of a later and brighter era in which its grace became still more manifest and its power no less distinct, could bring you to listen to the angel-shout and the angel-song when first upon the plains of Judea, the Prince of peace was heralded from the skies to the wonder-stricken shepherds; could tell of the Babe of Bethlehem; how he grew up and went forth doing good; healing the sick, curing the lepers, casting out devils; opening the eyes of the blind; raising the dead; yes, you might stand with me at the grave of Lazarus, while *Jesus weeps;* and there listen to the word of the God-man as that word falls upon the death-locked slumbers of the dead and bids them come forth. You might go with me to the scenes of Calvary; and amid the agonies of that dark, dark sun, feel the sympathetic convulsion of nature around you, which the power of the cross bids the universe throb and throe in sympathy with its dying Lord. You might go to the sepulchre, not the grave of the dead but the receptacle of the Resurrection Power, and gaze on, if you may, while the Mighty God breaks the bands of death, and goes up to Heaven, leading captivity captive, amid the shout and song of angel-spirits. "Who is this King of glory? the Lord strong and mighty, the Lord mighty in battle. Who is this King of glory? the Lord of hosts. HE IS THE KING OF GLORY."

But I forbear. Readers of the Times, has the gospel of Jesus become the power of God unto salvation to your hearts? O, come with an unknown friend to the feet of Jesus. There are many great names but no name like that of JESUS. There are many great things but none like those of the gracious wonders in this gospel. There are many great thoughts but no thought like that of his salvation. O there's power in *that* thought. P.

Hillsboro, N. C.

WRITTEN FOR THE TIMES.

MUSIC.

BY WM. HAUSER, M. D. OF GA.

NUMBER V.

Now go back to the piano and sing all the elementary sounds over several times. Sound the white key C, near the middle of the instrument, and sing as before, calling the sounds C, D, E, F, G, A, B. Sing in as clear, full, and sweet a manner as possible; never indulge in carelessness. Now sing the same sounds again beginning as before, on C and ending on B, and instead of calling the letters, call the Arabic numerals, 1, 2, 3, 4, 5, 6, 7. Go back to the key of C and begin again, calling the sounds this time do, ray, mi, me, fa, sol, la, si. (See.) I must here impress on you the fact that the note (sound) you first started on, at the key of C, is called the key-note. It is strange how many people, even among those who have paid some attention to music, seem not to know what is meant by the key-note in music. *Pay attention,* ladies and gentlemen and I think you will, presently, get to know what it is and remember it to the last day of life. It is a very simple thing—nothing in the world but the *first note in the elementary series;* the no. 1, the sound you have been calling C, one, and do. "Does the expression, key-note, mean only this?" I answer you in the language of Ed. A. Poe, "only this; *and nothing more.*" Shall I consume any more time and means to impress this idea about the key-note on your mind? This cannot be necessary if you render strict obedience to my *rule;* and if you do not, you ought to be "kept in."

I have told you, in a former lesson, that it matters but little by what names you call the elementary notes, (or sounds,) in singing them: this will be plain enough when you consider that musical instruments call no names, and yet they make the same sounds you do when you sing. But it is a matter of the *greatest importance* that you sing and hear these sounds counted over till you know the number of every one of them when you hear it, whether it is sung do, ray, mi; or for, sol, la, mi. Having sung, or played, the elementary sounds till you are perfectly familiar with them, your next business is, to study the intervals, i. e. the distances, between them.

Now "look sharp" and listen well; I insist that all my pupils shall learn the first principles of music without looking into a music book; and if you learn them without a book, surely you cannot fail to understand them when delineated to the eye by means of diagrams.

The distance, then, between any two notes (sounds) whether they are far apart or near each other, is called an *interval.* In all the older music-books, and in some of the late ones, these intervals, or distances, between sounds are called *tones* and *semi-tones.* A most abominable misnomer this; for every one grows up accustomed to hear *sounds* called tones, just as they ought to be, and of course when he hears such a forced, unnatural, technical use of the words "tone" and "semi-tone," he is utterly bewildered; he has too much good, plain common sense to ever dream that a man who had intelligence enough to write a treatise on music, would call sounds "tones" and call the distances between sounds "tones" also. Lowell Mason, Doctor in Music, a man who, I take pleasure in saying, has done more for the advancement of musical learning in the United States than any man that ever lived, some years ago, adopted the name *interval* in place of *tone,* and *half-interval* instead, of *semi-tone.*

But enough for this meeting.

WRITTEN FOR THE TIMES.

On the death of C..... H.....

Drowned at Sea.

BY INA CLAYTON.

And is it so that thou art sleeping
'Neath the ocean's foaming spray,
And upon thy placid features
Do the moonbeams gently play?

Yes, when cold night lone and dreary,
Draws o'er earth her mantle grey,
Then into those deep dark waters
Luna sends her chilling ray!

And methinks thy arms are folded
On thy pulseless bosom now:
And perchance a smile is wreathing
O'er thy youthful, guileless brow!

But thy spirit dwells not there
Where the reckless waters foam;
Thy body's found a watery grave,
But thy soul a glorious home.

Even on that shell decked stranding
I'd not shed one bitter tear
O'er thy fate, for thou hast left
A world that's dark and drear!

PRIZE STORY.

WRITTEN FOR THE TIMES.

THE MADCAP AND HER COUSINS.

BY COROLLA H. CRISWELL.

CHAPTER V.

The melancholy Bridal.

Why trembled then that lovely bride?
She had a *grief to hide!*
C. H. C.

Anson Dellwood one evening, much to the surprise and pain of the unhappy Grace, made her an offer of his hand and heart. She was so bewildered, so agitated that she could make no response, until he besought her not to render him wretched by a refusal. She looked upon his pale, noble countenance and met his fine eyes filled with so earnest and beseeching a look, that she could not suppress a sigh of pity. At length, feeling that Rutherford was no more to her—that he was almost another's—and knowing that her parents held Dellwood high in favor, Grace hesitatingly accepted him—after which, flying to her chamber, she spent the night weeping bitter tears over buried love and buried hopes.

As Dellwood was obliged to return to the South in a few weeks, he desired that their marriage should take place as soon as possible. Mr. and Mrs. Ryefield cheerfully gave their consent, provided Grace had no objection, and contrary to their expectations she was not at all averse to the proposition.

"The sooner the better," said she to the sympathizing Di, "I care not—let the sacrifice be made—"

"Oh, Grace! if you don't love him, wed him not!" cried her cousin, taking her hand and gazing on her pallid, saddened face.

"I have promised, Di—I will not break my word. Besides, my parents wish it very much. And I—oh, heaven!" her cheek grew a shade paler and her head drooped on her breast, "well, 'tis better so—'tis better so."

Her mournful voice brought tears to the eyes of her cousin, as she sat beside her with one arm around her waist, but as Grace never once breathed the name of Rutherford, Di delicately refrained from so doing, hoping that her marriage with Dellwood would be the means of healing the wound in her heart.

The fifteenth of June was set apart for the bridal, which was to take place at the village church.

Englebert was chosen to engage the services of the pastor—but did not mention the subject to him until a day or two before the time appointed.

Nothing of material interest took place until the day previous to the fifteenth of the month. Things had passed very quietly at the farm. Grace had seemed quite still and passive, while her sister and cousin and Carolie were engaged in preparing her wedding attire. Englebert, as usual of late, was devoted to Miss Mandeville, while the doctor still hovered around Agatha.

But, on the evening of the fourteenth of June, as Grace with Agatha and Diana were walking in the flower-garden, they were somewhat startled at the sudden appearance of old Moll, whom they had not seen of late. She approached the young ladies with a sardonic grin upon her countenance, exclaiming, "ha, my leddies! didn't old Moll tell ye a true fortune? I said you'd marry the stranger, Miss Grace, an' to-morrow's the day. O, 'twill be a bonny day for two of you." And she grinned another ghastly smile, as Grace grew deadly pale and seemed almost sinking to the earth.

"My sister is not well to-night, good Moll. Go into the house, and mother will give you something."

"Eh? what'll she give me? I want a nice scarlet frock to wear at your wedeing, Miss Grace—will she give me *that?* O, twill be a bonny bridal! ha! ha!"

And the villianous old crone hobbled away with her usual grin.

"Dont heed her, Gracie dear," said Agatha, as she felt her sister shudder, "she's not worth minding. Come, let us gather some roses to decorate the parlor—come Di."

Moll went from the garden to the house, where she stayed but a few moments, leaving her basket for Mrs. Ryefield to fill with whateyer she chose to bestow upon her, saying that she was going up to the village.

William Rutherford had just parted with Englebert who had come to apprize him of the morrow's ceremony—and was walking up and down the long piazza in very torture and agony of spirit. A low moan escaped him every few moments, as his dark eyes wavered in expression, and his face was of a deathly paleness.

"Good evening, dominie," said the coarse voice of Moll, as she mounted the steps, "we'll have a blythe day to-morrow—won't we, dominie? ha, ha!"

He suddenly turned towards her, his dark eyes seeming to flash fire. She recoiled a step or two, apparently awed at his glance.

"Disturb me not, woman! Go!"

"'Go?' Aye, they all say that. Moll is old and poor and ugly—nobody likes her company—no, they all say '*go!*' Well, dominie, good bye! perhaps you'll be glad of my presence some day. I wish you joy of the morrow!" And with a diabolical grin the miserable old creature went from the minister to good aunt Jessie, whom she found in the kitchen, superintending her weekly baking.

Meantime, Rutherford continued his walk, endeavoring with all his mental strength to subdue the bitter feelings of his heart, to bring his mind to a state of calm endurance, in order to fit himself for the painful duties of the morrow; and after a long battle with himself he succeeded, aided by the Power he earnestly invoked.

The morning of Grace Ryefield's bridal opened bright and beautiful; the sky was cloudless; the air was pleasant; the birds were musical; the roses were fragrant and all around her wore a cheerful and happy aspect; *her* brow alone, bearing the impress of melancholy.

At nine o'clock in the morning, Grace sat in her chamber, attended by her bridesmaids, Agatha and Diana. After they had put the finishing-touch to her attire, she seemed more like a beautiful statue than a breathing mortal, so cold and impassive was her face and so motionless her figure. Her long, fleecy veil fell around her like a white cloud surrounding an angel, and as her blue eyes were raised to the sky, she seemed far better fitted for a spiritual world, than the one on which she tarried.

"Grace," exclaimed Diana at length, pained at her unearthly appearance, "dear Grace, arouse yourself! See, it is nearly time." And she pointed to the clock which indicated half past nine. "Half an hour more—and you will be a wife—"

The last word startled the pale girl from her reverie. She turned her eyes upon her bridesmaids and then upon her own reflection in the mirror, before which she was sitting. "A *wife!*" she murmured, "oh! then it is not a dream—oh, would it were!"

"Come sister," said Agatha attempting a gayety which she did not feel, "you are a little coward. Why, when *I* go to the altar you'll see what a joyous, merry bride *I'll* be. Let us see you smile, Gracie darling, for I hear mother coming to tell us that the bridegroom awaits his bride."

A sigh that came from the innermost chambers of the heart escaped the unhappy Grace, as her mother entered the room, and meeting the affectionate eyes of that dear and beloved parent, the poor girl threw herself, sobbing upon her faithful bosom, while her sister and cousin wept in sympathy.

"My dear, dear child," sobbed Mrs. Ryefield, kissing her cold brow, "I cannot bear to part with you. Tell me, dearest, are you perfectly satisfied to wed this man—if not, you shall not—you are yet free to chose. Speak to me, darling!"

"Dear mother," returned her child, dashing away her tears, "I am content to marry him."

"God bless you, then my daughter!" said her mother fervently kissing her. "Now, compose yourself, my darling, for you are waited for."

Let us now change the scene to the village church. The pastor thereof had already arrived, and was kneeling in front of the altar, engaged in fervent devotion. He had need of strength not his own in that trying, torturing hour; the hour that fated him to bind indissolubly to another, the one he so passionately worshipped—he had need of strength, and praying earnestly for it, it was granted him.

The sound of many steps, aroused him—and seating himself, he calmly awaited the entrance of the bridal train. The church became rapidly filled with eager spectators, mostly young persons, and acquaintances of the Ryefields—and after a short delay, the principal actors in the scene, slowly entered and advanced up the aisle, while the organ swelled forth a grand anthem of rejoicing.

The fair and half fainting bride moved on to her fate; her bridal veil not whiter than her face though her steps did not falter and her frame trembled not. Her eyes were bent to the flour, for she dared not raise them, knowing so well *who* was before her.

The bridegroom walked proudly by her side, gazing upon her as if she were a gift sent to him from heaven—and when they reached the alter, Dellwood looked around him with a triumphant air.

Rutherford observed it. Like "Christabel," he

"Drew in his breath with a hissing sound,"

and arose to his feet. Deadly pale was that calm and noble countenance, yet it wore an expression of proud endurance; a slight quiver of the blanched lips, and a restless, subdued gleam of the eye, alone betrayed to the earnest gaze of Diana Hunter, the struggle, bitter and intense, within.

The young minister, after a moment's pause, commenced the marriage service, in a low, calm, yet clearly distinct tone. When he came to the words,

"I require and charge ye both, as ye shall answer at the dreadful day of judgement, when the secrets of all hearts shall be disclosed, that if either of ye know any just cause or impediment why ye may not be lawfully joined together in wedlock, ye do now confess it!"

When Rutherford had spoken these words, for the first time he raised his dark, gleaming eyes to the bride's face with a glance in which was mingled such an intensity of grief and despair, that it went thrilling to her heart's core, and with a low, gasping moan, Grace fell fainting into the arms of her bridesmaids.

Half a minute had not elapsed, when Rutherford dropped senseless before the altar.

Let the scene that ensued be imagined.

* * * *

On the evening of the day following the events just narrated, Grace reclined on a sofa in the pleasant parlor, her eyes half closed and her sweet face still pale and listless. Her mother had just left her, and her sister and cousin sat near, one fanning her and the other holding her hand and gazing earnestly upon her loved and lovely features.

"How do you feel now, darling?" asked Diana tenderly.

"Better, much better," replied Grac, opening her eyes.

"Thank heaven!"

"Will you try to rise, sister dear? the evening air is cool and grateful coming in this window. Let me assist you."

Grace suffered herself to be placed in a sitting position, and smiled faintly as she felt the soft, bland breeze of evening fanning her brow. Just then, Mrs Ryefield re-entered the room.

"My child," said she, "Anson is here and wants to see you. Shall I admit him?"

A slight shudder convulsed the young girl's frame, as her mother spoke, but she calmly replied, "yes, I will see him."

In a few moments, Dellwood entered. Bowing silently, he seated himself beside Grace. His face wore a serious expression and was slightly pale.

"I should like a few moment's private conversation with Miss Ryefield, with your permission, ladies," he said blandly.

Grace was silent and looked eagerly after her sister and cousin as they left the room. Dellwood turned towards her.

"Grace!"

"Sir!" was faintly uttered.

"Pardon one for saying, dear Grace, that you did me great wrong in concealing from me a secret that anguish alone wrung from you at the altar. Had you done so, I should never have urged you to unite your fate with one so utterly unworthy of you as I." He paused, and taking her passive hand in his own, raised it to his lips, while she remained silently trembling, with eyes bent to the floor.

"Grace;" he drew a heavy sigh, while an expression of subdued pain crossed his features. "I have come to tell you that your young life shall not be darkened by my presence—I will be generous, Grace," he paused a moment, "*you are free!*"

And rising abruptly, he walked to the other end of the room.

The pale girl buried her face in her hands for a short space—then suddenly exclaimed, "Oh, Anson! good, generous man! only say that you forgive me!"

"Forgive you!" he returned, coming back to her side, "forgive *me,* rather, for paining your young heart so intensely. But think of me kindly in after years when you shall have been the wife of him you love. And now, farewell! to-morrow I go to my Southern home, and though I may never call thee mine, my whole future life shall be one long and tender thought of thee! Farewell!"

He drew her passionately to his manly breast, pressed a fervent kiss upon her white brow and immediately left her presence forever.

When Agatha and her cousin returned to the parlor, they were surprised and pained to find Grace weeping passionately and unrestrainedly.

But that night brought more peaceful slumber to the pensive girl, than she had known for weeks before.

* * * *

William Rutherford sat alone in his study. His next Sabbath's sermon was before him, half written, but just now he was reclining back in his chair, his whole mien betokening hours, aye days of mental suffering. His eyes were fixed on vacancy, and his lip quivered with a sort of nervousness as he remained motionless and silent, there in his lonely room.

"William!"

He started and looked around. "Well, aunt Jessie?"

"Diana Hunter is here and wants to see you."

"*What* can she want?" he said mentally. Then aloud, "Bring her up, aunt Jessie."

"Good morning, Mr. Rutherford!" said Di gaily.

He smiled faintly and held out his hand to greet her. "I'm glad to see you, Miss Hunter."

"But you look ill," remarked Di, earnestly.

"Oh, no, I'm very well, I assure you," he answered, with an effort, "I study too much, perhaps."

Di glanced at his pale face and sighed, "You don't look well at all, Mr. Rutherford."

"You're quite mistaken, my dear young lady—indeed, I'm not sick," he reiterated, endeavoring to look very composed.

"Well, I'm glad of it," returned Di, slowly, and keeping her eyes fixed upon his face as she spoke, "because you will perhaps be called upon soon, to finish a ceremony that was broken off—"

She paused, for Rutherford could not conceal his agitation at these words. He sat trembling in every limb, while his fine features worked convulsively and his eyes had an unnatural glare.

"I'm afraid—I shan't—be able to—I think I am—not well enough—I—" he gasped, growing paler at every word.

Di's warm, generous heart was deeply pained. She took his cold hand and murmured in a low voice, "my friend, I know you love dear Grace—" he dropped his head and gave her hand a spasmodic pressure—"and she loves you—"

"No, oh no!"

"I tell you she does. And now listen, William Rutherford! The engagement between her and Dellwood has been broken entirely—he has gone from her forever."

"Do I hear aright?" A sudden gleam lighting up his features.

"You do. Grace loves you as dearly as you can love her—and if you don't go to her—if you don't marry her, I say—she will *die,* William Rutherford."

"My God! Can this be true? cried the young man, folding his hands and raising his eyes to heaven. Then, worn out by grief, anxiety and pain, his feeble frame gave way and he fell back fainting. * * *

That evening, Englebert having gone as usual to visit Carolie Mandeville and the rest of the family busying themselves about some unusual domestic affairs, left Grace alone, purposely it afterwards seemed. The young girl wondered at their abscence—but listlessly took up a book and was soon lost in its contents. She became so absorbed that she did not hear a footstep, nor see a pale face in the doorway.

"Grace!"

The book fell suddenly from her hand and she started from her seat. Her cheek grew crimson for a moment and then a deadly pallor overspread it and she sank back in deep emotion. Rutherford, as much agitated as herself, approached her, and taking her hand said tremblingly, "Grace, I am most wretched. I have tried in vain to conquer the emotions of my soul. This morning a blessed whisper was breathed unto—and I have come to ask you if it can be true. Grace, you must have known my long devotion for you—tell me now, oh, say to me that you return my love!"

But the fair girl was speechless through the excess of her great joy. For an instant she raised her blue eyes, but that glance to him was rapture. His fond arm entwined her waist her head reclined upon his shoulder, and there was silence between them.

Ah, this love, this love, what would the world be without it? What says Tennyson?

"Love is a fragant blossom, making glad the
garden of the heart."

And Shakespeare?

"Never durst poet touch a pen to write
Until his ink is tempered with love's sighs."

CHAPTER VI.

Englebert and Diana.

That strain again! it had a dying fall;
O, it came o'er the ear like the sweet south
That breathes o'er banks of violets,
Stealing, and giving odor.
Shakespeare.

Miss Hunter had observed that Englebert, for the last day or so, had had his face bound up, and not wishing to show interest enough in him to ask the cause, made a casual observation of it to Agatha, who replied that he was suffering from neuralgia.

"And I believe," added the young girl, laughing, "that Bertie is in love. I have noticed several strong symptoms of it lately. Do you know anything about it, Di?"

"I? no. That is, he seems to be much taken with Carolie Mandeville—that is all I can say on the subject," answered Diana, as she took up her bonnet and was going out.

"Where are you going, coz?"

"Over to the wood—will you come?"

"After a while I will join you there. Mother wants me a short time."

"I am going to look up my long forgotten guitar," said Diana, "long ago I loved it—and now tis like a forsaken friend, pining and perishing alone and isolated."

"Why, cousin mine, how poetical and pensive you are. A wondrous change has come over you of late—perhaps the little blind archer has been aiming at your guarded heart? eh, Di?"

A blush stole over her countenance and her black eyes drooped, as Diana replied with some hesitation, "well, Gattie, if I am in love, none shall ever know with whom—never!"

"Perhaps we can guess that, *ma chire*."

"I am going up stairs to look for my guitar," said Diana, wishing to change the subject, "and when you feel inclined, come to the 'trysting tree' and hear the *improvisatrice*."

"Yes; go along then, cousin mine."

As Diana slowly took her way down the shaded lane, her favorite walk of late, it was with a pensive and listless air. She looked around her upon green fields and luxuriant trees, and thought how different an aspect nature had to her now, than when she first ran joyously through these same meadows, in the early days of her visits to her cousins.

Then she was light-hearted, careless, fancy-free—now, her heart throbbed wildly for one who seemingly looked upon her with cold indifference. And why did she love himso wildly? She scarcely knew. Perhaps, because he was so unlike, in many respects, all other men she had known—perhaps, because he never paid her those little attentions others were so eager to show her—perhaps, because he was so cold and distant to her alone. It may have been something of all these—however, her heart was yielded to him unasked, and as she thought, unwished for, and it was impossible to recall it.

Englebert was not a common man. Although reared a farmer, he was no rude, unpolished boor, like too many of the class. Naturally gifted with a fine mind, he had sought every opportunity for improving its powers, and though he made no parade of his talents or education, he would have shone brilliantly among the galaxy of American *literati*, had he been less modest and more ambitious of praise and honor among men.

Possessing a quiet and amiable disposition and always inclined to good and honorable deeds, Englebert was, withal somewhat of a humorist, and often, in his love for practical joking, went beyond what he at first intended.

As I observed, Diana walked slowly and pensively along the retired lane until she came to the cool, dark wood, and made her way to the crystal spring to which I have referred in a former chapter. Here she seated herself and took up her long neglected guitar. Her fingers lingered on the strings, striking now and then a musical chord, but seemed as if loath to break the holy silence around. With her eyes fixed upon the slow-moving water beneath her feet, Di, the young and true-souled poetess, at length threw out her clear, sweet-toned voice in a sort of chant, the tones of the soft guitar forming a harmonious accompaniment.

"Away to the fields or the pleasant wood in Summer's genial days, I go, (she sang,) my light guitar upon my arm, like Corinne of old: but oh, how far less gifted!

"And 'neath a tree, far spreading high, I sit me down my soul filled to the brim of unbreathed poetry.

"And sweeping the strings of my soft guitar, I look to heaven so blue and bright, and inspiration fills my being.

"Fair are the fields, (I sing,) that God has made: fair are the fields and the meadows sweet with clover!

"And gurgling run the springs and laughing brooks—where the forest trees look down and bend them over.

"Around my feet are peeping out amid the grass, white star shaped flowers that seem to smile upon me.

"As gazing down into their cups, I feel their fragrance like a gentle incense stealing on me.

"Oh bright the flowers and green the leaves now shining and now shading the foot-path wandering near me.

"Come flowers, come birds, come humming bees, come, congregate around me with ears, awake to hear me,

"And I will breathe what mortal ear shall never know—the love, the burning love within my being.

"For one that hates me—so proud spirit, lofty spirit—cold—scornful——"

The songstress suddenly broke off and let her guitar fall from her trembling hands. Tears filled her glorious black eyes and her dark locks fell loosely about her brow, as she remained with fingers clasped and wild, soul breathing glance; no unmeet impersonation of the peerless Corinne of Italy.

A foot-step rustled the dry leaves behind her but she heard it not—dark, admiring, glowing eyes were bent upon her, but she saw them not—a form, tall, graceful, proud, lingered breathlessly near, but she knew it not—Diana was at that time unconscious of all earthly things.

The free, joyous song of a golden oriole on a branch above her at last brought the poetess back to earth, and inspired by the music of the feathered songster, she again raised her guitar, and her clear voice once more filled the wood, and fell with a syren spell upon the soul of the one who lingered so near unseen.

Suddenly the young girl was interrupted by a voice behind her. "Sweeter than a dozen nightingales, by Jingo!"

Terrified at the sound, Diana let fall her guitar, and with an exclamation of fear, started to run without looking behind her. She had not gone a dozen steps, however, ere her foot caught against the stump of a tree and she fell. A strong arm immediately raised her from the ground, but she moaned with pain and trembled in every limb.

"Pardon me, dear cousin," said the voice of Englebert, "I did not intend to frighten you so. Indeed, I regret my foolish conduct. Lean on me, darling—I trust you are not hurt much."

"*Darling!*" Was she dreaming? The word was very sweet to her—so sweet that she forgot her pain and turned to look in his face. The glance that met her own caused her to drop her eyes and tremble with a new feeling.

"Do you forgive me, Di?" he said again, drawing her closer to him. "You do not answer—but I know you are not angry. Let us sit on this fallen tree—I have something to tell you. Are you still in pain, dear cousin?"

"I am better," she replied, half bewildered by the change in his manner towards her, and gently releasing herself from his warm clasp—"let us sit down then."

"Don't shrink from me, Di. I want to tell you a long hidden secret of my heart. My sisters are now happy in their loves, why should not I be too?"

A thought struck Diana. "And Carolie," she added.

He smiled. "Well, and Carolie, too."

"Impossible!" returned his cousin coldly, "whom are you to be married?"

There was a mischievous light in Englebert's eyes as he replied, "soon, I hope. Tell me, Di, how would you like to have the sweet Carolie"

His eye rested scrutinizingly upon her face which grew very pale, as she replied in a faint voice, "what is it to me? you have a perfect right to marry her if you choose."

"But, my dear cousin, suppose I don't choose? Truly Di," he continued more seriously, "I care not for her. It is *you*, darling whom I love. Listen to me. Although through caprice, I have tried to make you believe that I fairly disliked you and loved another, I have all the time been devoted to your own bright self. The day I met with the accident, first revealed to me that you loved me, for though apparently unconscious, I heard every word that fell from your lips and they gave me great joy. Say, Di, do you recal those words, or will you repeat them over again?"

"How can you expect me to repeat them, Bertie," she laughingly replied, "when you try your best to provoke my dislike by frightening me to death, almost, both to-day and on a previous occasion. You don't deserve it—*by jingo!*" And Di laughed a merry peal that startled the birds in the branches.

"Well, well, forgive me! Henceforth I shall endeavor to be all you can wish me. Will you be my wife, Di? answer me!"

"I will, Bertie," she frankly replied, and shrank not from the kiss he imprinted on her rosy lips. "And moreover," she added, smiling, "I shall endeavor so to behave as no longer to be called "the Madcap"."

THE END.

THE TIMES.

GREENSBOROUGH, N. C.

LIST OF THE REGULAR CONTRIBUTORS TO THE TIMES.

Rev. Dr. Wheat, Rev. C. H. Wiley. Pres. Jones, Pres Craven, Prof. Carr, Prof Van Eaton, Prof. Ganaway, Prof. Sterling, Prof. Rockwell, Prof Graves, Prof. Richardson, Rev. A. Baker, Rev. J. E. Edwards, Rev. Leo. Rosser, Rev. B. Clegg, H. C. Jones, B. Sumner, R. H. Brown, J. D. Campbell, E. P. Stone, M. W. Cuthbertson, S. H. Wiley, W. H. Garris, Miss S. J. C. Whittlesey, Florence Fay, Lottie Linwood, Mrs. L. M. Hutchinson, Mrs. S. M. Smith, Beatrice, Emma Sophia Mills, J. Starr Holloway, Finley Johnson, G. W. Cothran, Mrs. C. H. Criswell, Jeannie, Mattie May, Eulalia, Latona, A. Perry Sperry, Homa, Aurora, Mollie, Stella, Claude, Miss Anna M. Bates, C. M. Tenley, C. G. Dunn, J. Austin Sperry, Clarence Carleton, Clara Augusta, Fanny Fielding, Lelia Montrose, Mat Social, Dr. Wm. Hauser, Geo. Lewellyn Miner, Winnie Woodfern, Stella Steel, Miss Mary W. Janvrin, Justin S. Cressy, Frederick W. Miner, J. Fred. Simmons, Geo. A. Robbs, Nathalie, T. W. Upshur, Redcliff, Zephiros, H. N. Snyder, Maj. S. P. Miller, Willie E. Pabor, Ernest Mullet Bement, Invalid, Mrs. E. C. Loomis, Marie S. Ladd, Ben Bloomer, Ina Clayton, F. M. Burroughs, H. A. Dwight, Honey Bee. M. D. Williams,

ADVERTISING.

One square (12 lines) first insertion $1.00. Each additional week 25cts. The following ample deductions will be made in favor of standing Advertisements:

	3 MONTHS.	6 MONTHS.	1 YEAR.
One square,	$ 3.00	$ 5.00	$ 8.00
Two squares,	6.00	10.00	14.00
Three "	9.00	15.00	20.00
Half column,	18.00	25.00	35.00

Professional and business Cards, not exceeding six lines—per annum, ... $5.00

THE NEW CABINET.—Lewis Cass, of Michigan, Secretary of State.

Howell Cobb, of Georgia, Secretary of the Treasury.

John B. Floyd, of Virginia, Secretary of War.

Jacob Thompson, of Mississippi, Secretary of the Interior.

Isaac Toucey, of Connecticut, Secretary of the Navy.

John Black, of Pennsylvania, Attorney General.

Aaron V. Brown, of Tennessee, Post Master General.

We extract the following notice of the gentlemen composing the new Cabinet from the Baltimore *American*, for the benefit of such of our readers as may be curious on the subject:

"With the exception of Judge Black of Pennsylvania, all these gentlemen have been assigned for some weeks past to places in the Cabinet. The supposed arrangement however differs somewhat from the popular expectation. Mr. Toucey takes the Secretaryship of the Navy instead of the war department, and Ex-Gov. Brown is transferred from the Navy to the Post-Office Department. Mr. Cass and Mr. Cobb have been so long connected with public service that reference to their antecedents is not necessary for the information of our readers. Hon. John Buchanan Floyd, has never served in either branch of Congress, nor before occupied any position under the general government. He has filled the gubernatorial chair of Virginia, and been for many years one of the most active and influential politicians of the western part of that State.—In the late Presidential canvass he was one of the States electors and received the recommendation of his colleagues for a Cabinet appointment. The success of this precedent may lead to imitation hereafter, and our future Presidents find their Cabinet appointments forced upon them by the political influence of certain States. Mr. Floyd is a strong Southern man, but not a secessionist. Hon. Isaac Toucey has represented Connecticut in both Houses of Congress and was only released from Senatorial duty by the expiration of his term of service on the 4th inst. He is remarkable for nothing but his strong partisan predilections, and the unswerving determination with which he pursued them. He belongs unquestionable to the rank of mediocrity, and owes his present elevation to the fact that he suffered with the defeat of his party in Connecticut.

"Hon. Aaron V. Brown was a member of the House of Representatives from 1839 to 1845, holding a distinguished position as one of its most prominent speakers and debaters. He was then elected Governor of the State, but was defeated as the candidate of his party for a second term. He was a member of the Nashville Convention in 185-, and concurred in the resolution passed at its first session, but dissented from the address it issued. At the second session of that body he dissented altogether from its action and prepared what was then known as the Tennessee platform, which embodied his favorite idea of *retaliation* as the remedy for Northern aggression on Southern rights. He is somewhat celebrated as a political *platform* maker, the most important of his manufactures in this line being that adopted by the National Democratic Convention in 1852. He possesses undoubted talent, and habits of great personal industry, a qualification for which he will find abundant exercise in the Post Office Department.

"Hon. Jacob Thompson represented Mississippi in the House of Representatives for several session previous to 1850. He was a frequent speaker and an industrious member. In politics he is a strong States Rights Democrat, but has opposed the ultraists of his party in Mississippi, and was a candidate for Congress on the compromise and anti-compromise agitation in 1850.

"Judge Black is a thorough-going and determined Democrat of the Pennsylvania stamp, and owed his position as one of the Chief Justices of that State rather to party thankfulness than special fitness. Neither elevated talent nor high judicial acquirement have been generally credited to him. His selection now is probably a compromise, produced by the necessity of giving Pennsylvania a voice in the Cabinet, and the impossibility of reconciling the party in that State to the choice of another man."

WRITTEN FOR THE TIMES.

MARY QUEEN OF SCOTS.

BY J. E. S.

The lapse of years has failed to remove the error in which the history of our Heroine is shrouded. Influenced by political prejudice and ecclesiastical bias, one historian has given us a distorted portrait in which unhallowed ambition, wildest fanaticism and unblushing immodesty are the leading features. Another has given us a beautiful picture in which blend every grace and accomplishment, every virtue and delicacy that should adorn female loveliness. The sick heart turns from the one; but while the wrapt vision rests upon the other, how involuntary the thought that, among the jewels of female character, Mary, Queen of Scots, stands without a rival.

Of noble birth, while yet an unconscious infant she was exposed in the 'Matrimonial bazar,' and her royal partner was selected. Her manners were formed, her mind moulded and her heart impressed among the hills of Scotland. How lovely her character, ere contaminated by the corruptions of court. Her heart rivaled in purity the crystal waters upon whose banks she sported in the merry morning of innocence. The spell of melancholy romance that ever clusters about Scotland's hills had settled upon her soul. Fanned by mountain breezes, that *rose* had expanded into full-bloom, beauty and vigor. While yet in its freshness the tender flower was plucked from its mountain home and transplanted upon the shores of sunny France, there to bloom, the Queen of beauty and the center of attraction. Whether viewed amid the rural grandeur of her native land, surrounded by purity and innocence; or amid the pomp and pageantry of royalty, surrounded by beauty and the chivalry of France, the eye ever marks her as one upon whom kind Nature had set the signet of a noble soul.

At the age of fifteen, her destiny was united to that of a king by the silken cord of wedlock. She became the ruling Queen of one and was the prospective Queen of another realm. How bright her hopes, how flattering her prospects! But alas! scarcely had she graced the throne, a Queen, ere Bourbon palaces were hung in the drapery of death, and Mary called to fix a farewell gaze upon her royal spouse. Can the heartless biographer who would brand her with the disgraceful epithet, *a fury*, who would rob her of all those virtues and charms sacred to the female character, behold her gently soothing the last hours of a dying husband, and mournfully bedewing with her tears the sod that covers his sacred ashes, without the sting of remorse for an effort to stain a character so pure, so lovely. She descended from the throne and mournfully did she tread those courts over which she had lately swayed a queenly scepter. Her beauty chastened by sorrow, won the admiration of a sympathising nation, and confirmed in the bosoms of two who were united to her by the ties of consanguinity the deadiest of human passions, the jealously of woman. Called, at length, to assume the imperial prerogative of her native land, she dropped a farewell tear upon the grave of buried love and bade a last adieu to a nation that sorrowed with her sorrow, and rejoiced at her joy. Safely was she borne onward upon the bosom of a calm sea—would that the sea upon which was launched the bark of her destiny had been thus calm. The grasp of jealously that then sought her destruction was eluded—would that Elizabeth's grasp had ever been thus eluded. She landed, but immediately embarked upon another sea, the stormy sea of revolution, by whose billows she was destined to be rocked with ruthless rage. For a time, at her command, the storm subsided. Who can behold her commanding the discordant elements of faction, "be still," without a conviction of her mental greatness and moral power? But scarcely had she assuaged those turbid waters into a temporary calm, ere upon their silvery surface, glided into her bosom a serpant of deadliest poison. An English Lord wooed her heart and won her hand. She bestowed upon him the treasure of her love, threw about him the mantle of her protection and gave him the scepter of her power. As the genial sun purifies the air that hovers above, and beautifies the flowers that bloom upon the fertile valley; but awakens pestiferous exhalations from and sprouts the poisonous herb in the putrid bog, so prosperity develops nobility in the noble, but awakens all fiendish passions and propensities in the demon heart. Unworthy the honor of her hand, and ungrateful for the treasure of her love, he became the bane of her existence. While her domestic happiness was thus poisoned, her throne was again threatened by the counter tides of revolution that swept over her realm. What Queen would longer have protected the destroyer that had blighted her happiness, and well nigh demolished her throne? Her protection withdrawn, and the plot of death was matured in the bosom of the assassin, and ere long the nation's plaudit greeted the downfall of Darnly. Coerced by the fury of an impetuous passion, and alarmed by the struggling of discordant factions, her trembling heart sought refuge upon the stern bosom of Bothwell. This act performed, and the murmur of discord arose and swelled over the low-lands, howled amid the hills of Scotland like the breath of an Alpine storm; and soon the billows of revolution rolled over her throne and her hopes with the impetuosity of an avalanche.

Appalled by the midnight gloom in which it is shrouded, fain would we turn with a sick heart from the remainder of her history. The head of Mary, the victim of jealousy, at least, rolled reeking from the bloody scaffold, and the *finale* in her drama of life was enacted. Who that admires all that is lovely in the female character, would not add another tear to the crystal monument that sympathizing humanity has erected to commemorate the beauty, the virtue and the misfortune of this daughter of sorrow?

WRITTEN FOR THE TIMES.

LIFE PAGES.

BY THE AUTHOR.

NUMBER II.

"At home, once more," and the old man, weary and worn, crossed the threshold of that old familiar spot, and sinking to the floor, breathed his last in the arms of his only and loved child. We had been companions and messmates in Mexico, and I felt that there was one less tie to bind me to this earth life. Kind-hearted and generous, to a fault, he had prevailed on me to accompany him to his home near J——n, where, as he said I could recruit somewhat ere I went home, "for," said he, "your friends would not know you;" I waited to see the last sad ceremonies performed, and then pursued my way homeward. Sad, indeed, were my reflections, as the open stage in which I had taken passage rolled over the hills and through the valleys between J—— and J—— a distance of thirty miles. It was a very warm day in September, and weakened by long and painful illness, I awoke the next morning after my arrival at J——in the midst of a burning fever. Instead of yielding to the promptings of prudence and remaining quiet, I arose, and after taking a long walk, re-entered the hotel and took possession of an old lounge in the bar-room. I know not how long I had been permitted to lie there, had not a young physician, coming into the room, felt of my cheek, and wakened me, by exclaiming, "my God, what a fever this man has got," and raising me in his arms, he carried me across the street to his office, and as I refused to give him my address, he asked several of the citizens if they knew me.

At length an old and tried friend of my father's, Tuller by name, came to see me, and rushing from the room, jumped on the back of a splendid horse belonging to Dr. Brewer, and rode off, at the top of his speed, towards Hillsdale. The distance from J. to H. was five miles, but Tuller was gone only 46 minutes, while the horse, which he had used, bore ample testimony of his rider's haste. I know nothing that passed until looking up, as I felt a shadow creeping over me. I saw my father, with tear-filled eyes, gazing on the mere wreck of humanity that was before him. Fevers sometimes impart an almost superhuman strength to their victims. And it must have been that momentary concentration of muscular power, that made me leave the bed; and with the words, "oh, yes, I am O. K. and ready to go home." I reached the door, and fell headlong to the pavement. They placed me in the carriage and for more than an hour, not a word was uttered. And when we reached home, my father carried me in his arms up stairs and placed me on a bed from which I did not rise for two long and weary months, and, one evening, my father stood with his hand on my pulse, from seven o'clock until two o'clock the next morning, and when the sick would grow impatient at his neglect, and send for him, he would tell their messenger that his only son was, perhaps, dying, and to him he should give his sole attention. My mother and sisters stood without that little room, waiting the critical moment, when I should be out of danger, or dead. They were not permitted to enter the room, so fearful was my father, that the slight thread that held my spirit in its earthly tenement, would be broken. And reader, in that one night, his hair that was as dark as midnight, changed to a silvery whiteness, and I never see him now, but what I think that he is going down to an early grave, and that I am the cause. God grant I may never add another to his many and heavy cares. But adieu for this time.

A negro boy was killed a few miles below Concord on the 26th ult., by Jacob Fisher, Esq. It appears that the boy had run away about a year since, and Mr. Fisher suspecting his whereabouts went in pursuit of and overtook him when the boy attempted his life by snapping a pistol at him, and Mr. F. immediately shot him down, killing him almost instantly.

Live honest and pay your debts.

WRITTEN FOR THE TIMES.

WOMAN—HER MORAL POWER.

BY CLAUDE.

That "the ladies rule the world" is a remark so frequently made, that although it may not be literally correct, yet all will admit that it embodies a large amount of truth. It is true that the barbarism of former ages has abused, degraded, undervalued and thrown woman from her legitimate sphere; and even now, in many parts of Europe and South America, where heathenism holds the sceptre of government, she is cruelly doomed to suffer a rigorous privation of her indispensable rights. But wherever a refined, cultivated and civilized society is found, she occupies her natural position, her appropriate rank and sway over the heart of man; yes, her sway is resistless, particularly as a social companion, a wife, and a mother. The heart is her dominion, and she holds it with the best of titles, and with far better security than the sword or artillery of the monarch. Whatever she desires, she resolves to possess; and by her smiles or tears, eloquence or untiring perseverance, she accomplishes her end.

In enlightened and polished society, she has long since led captive the stronger sex, and now stretches her sceptre over the proud inheritance of man's heart. The gentlemen live and labor, travel and stay at home, study, read, write, legislate, forego personal bliss and encounter the most appalling danger, laugh and then look sad, *all* on account of the *ladies!*

Nor is this service *wrung* from them by a tyrant's power, but flows in spontaneous obedience to *Woman's Will!* The destinies of the nations are in her hands; and if she will rightly direct the moral power with which she is invested, she can in a little while restore to the world its Eden character; or, she can say to the raven-wing of night, "still deepen the shades in which the star of the hope of millions is lost!"

Though an essential and tender part of man, yet woman is dissimilar to him in many respects; in the delicacy of her nature. Man, her head and lord, is made of "sterner stuff"—of coarser material—physically at least. His body is strong, athletic and vigorous and capable of enduring great hardship and abundant labor. His arm is strong and sinewy, competent to protect and wield a powerful effort, so that he can smile at danger, grapple with peril and wrestle with the whirlwind of misfortune. His physical structure and physiognomy show, beyond doubt, that his Maker designed him for the "heavy end," the rough part of life. But it is not so with woman. The comparative feebleness of her physical frame, the tender finish and bearings of her countenance, and her evident incapacity for manual labor, indicate the will of God in reference to her station in life. It is social and domestic.

Man is every way fitted for the battle of commerce, the political arena, or the onerous and complex duties of legislation, the tremulous responsibilities of the judiciary, or, if necessity requires it, the alarms and terrors of the battle field! Not so with woman. Her physical, mental and moral nature instinctively recoils from these civil and political burdens, and seek the sweet repose and soothing quiet of the family and of home. Here her tender and delicate nature finds a welcome circle in which to move, on an appropriate field of action, which, when rightly cultivated, always yields an abundant harvest of kindly influences and good fruits. And woman loves this sphere. She feels that it is peculiarly hers, and here she delights to dwell in the enjoyment of so rich a patrimony. Man loves her *here;* not because she is a *slave*, but because she is his equal, and charmingly occupies a position which he has no capacity to fill, and in the occupancy of this position, she acquires a power over man which stamps his character for good or evil.

The peculiar structure of her mind and temper gives her an ascendency in society, and enables her in a great measure to influence the "Lords of creation" in their course of life. We by no means assume the intellectual inferiority of females, or intimate it. We do not believe it, and we pity the cynical "old bachelor" who does, and wish him a speedy riddance of his Turkish notions.

But while we admit mental equality between the sexes, we are certain of material difference in mental character. The mind of man, like his body, is masculine, and exactly adapted to his circumstances. But woman's mind, like the "earthly house" in which it dwells, is delicately constructed, possessing a natural polish and beauty of which man cannot boast. It has strength too, and quickness of perception, and an amount of ingenuity which enables her to make the best of every circumstance. Her temper, also, widely differs from ours. It is generally mild, tender and sympathetic, evincing that the soul is a fountain of kindness and good will. Generally, there is more equanimity to woman's temper than there is to man's; and implacability and revenge seldom enter into its composition. But it is not so with man. He is proud, irascible, headstrong and stubborn; and by his precipitant disposition, involves himself in a thousand troubles which woman, by her care and patience, avoids.

There is something in woman's countenance which never fails to command the homage of gentlemen. The symmetry of her person, her dove-like eyes, rosy cheeks, and ruby lips possess irresistible charms, particularly so, when these embellishments of nature are blended with the virtues of the heart.

The purity of her affections and the depth of her devotion knows no limit. She *loves* from pure disinterested motives—from choice—from inclination, and nothing but death can ever dissolve the chain (so long as her lover is true and faithful:) Under circumstances like these, nothing but death can ever cause her for one moment, to forget the choice of her youth. Her *love* shall perish only with her life!

To the young man thus highly favored with a seat upon the altar of woman's heart, we would say; sooner die a thousand deaths, —suffer all the agonies of a thousand dissolutions than by your conduct to cause her for one moment, to think you insincere.

Beech Spring, N. C., March 10, '57.

WRITTEN FOR THE TIMES.

YALE, March, 3rd 1857.

DEAR TIMES:—Your bright jeweled face has again appeared skipping on the zephyrs from your Southern home to gladden and cheer our Sanctum. Like the child who grows in moral beauty as it advances in age and experience when surrounded by holy and salutary influences, so you amid the fragrance of your growing literary atmosphere begin to exhibit evident signs of a strong and healthy growth. The present week, we think, in our humble opinion, you have beat yourself; and with so many genial friends continually watching your expanding beauty and loveliness, under the more immediate supervision of your guardians at home, what a glorious future awaits you big with hope and large with prosperity.

Among all the Literary visitors which visit our Sanctum weekly, we rejoice to state that your comeliness and grace have eclipsed them all. We hope this remark will not give rise to the "*green eyed monster*" among our old and tried friends, but rather that they will yeild to the principle acknowledged in the Grecian games centuries before, that "*many contend, but one only winneth the prize.*"

It is truly gratifying to witness, so to speak, gathered around the hearth stone of your Literary household the countenances of so many whose eyes speak of energy and intellectual power. A glorious family indeed! Who else can boast of such an illustrious race—the strong and valient beautifully blended with the graceful and lovely. Would that we could have a family gathering and all have a cordial greeting. Dont you think, Dear Times, we would have a festival at whose board would mingle the pithy remark with wit, and spicy strains of mirth, with the joyous notes of melodious song? It would be a meeting that would, we feel assured, serve to unite hearts and minds in a common unity—one in which the "Times" would look upon with feelings of hearty rejoicing. Then, "Dear Times," only imagine all thy foster children gathered in one band beneath the shades of some over hanging bower in your Southern clime, and we all shall give our imagination full stretch and feel thy hands on each of our heads, giving us your blessing and we shall all join hands most heartly in spirit while we rejoice that the glorious "Times" have come when such scenes may occur, when songs and literary toasts may be given and received by our illustrious fraternity. What shall we say of what lies beyond for you and all your train? Can more be said than has already been said through the Sister presses and by the seers of our own family. The prognostication of future greatness and renown is to be found in comparing the past with the present; and thence deducing, by logical reasoning, the ligitimate conclusion. If the plant is now healthy and under the treatment of skillful hands, with good rich soil for future propagation, then we may look for strong and vigorous harvests, and a large reward to the reapers when they shall be gathered in. Thus we have been led to regard the "Times." Its present is propitious of future enlargement; and its future will be realized as a bright, glorious star in the Literary firmament whose brightness will cause those who are afar off to emulate her excellences.

For the present, *Au Revoir.*

CLARENCE CARLETON.

FROM EUROPE.

The Steamer Persia arrived in New York on the 6th inst., with Liverpool dates to the 21st of February. Lord Napier was a passenger in the Persia.

We condense the most important news from Europe as follows—

In the British House of Commons, Mr. Disraeli's proposed amendment to the financial budget was postponed till Monday, the 23d February. The object of this was to attempt to overthrow the Ministry. It is rumored that the British Government has despatches announcing the total destruction of Canton.

The Persian difficulty has taken an unfavorable turn; the Persian Envoy having suddenly ceased to negotiate at Paris, and refuses to visit London.

The French government has instructed its representatives at Vienna, Berlin, and St. Petersburg, to invite those powers to accredit their resident Ministers to Plenipotentiaries to settle the Neufchatel question.

The conference met at Paris early in March, but it is feared that the adjustment of the difficult principality question is still unsettled.

There is nothing new from Italy or Turkey. The Russians have resumed the Circassian war, and it is rumored that they have a large cession of territory from Persia.

A colliery accident occured in South Wombswell, by which 150 lives were lost.

A SPANISH AMERICAN ALLIANCE.—The Republic of Peru, Chili and Equador, have entered into a formal alliance for the purpose of preventing encroachments from North America. They have doubtless become alarmed at the recent demonstrations in Nicaragua.

COMMERCIAL.

GREENSBORO MARKET.

Reported expressly for the Times.

Bacon 15@00; Beef 4@5; Beeswax 20; Butter 15; Coffee 16½; Candles, Tallow 22@25, Adamantine 37@40, Sperm 55@60; Corn 75@1.00, Meal 75@1.00; Chickens 10@12½; Eggs 10; Feathers 35@40; Flour 5.50@6.00; Flaxseed 1.00; Hides, green 5, dried 10; Hay 50@60; Lard 13@14; Molasses 55@60; Nails 6@7; Oats 40; Peas, yellow 62@75, white 75@00; Pork 7.50@8.00; Rags 2@3; Rice 8@10; Salt 2.00@0.00; Sugar, Brown 14@15, loaf 18½, crushed 18½, clarified 15; Tallow 12½@15; Wheat 1.00@1.12½ Wool 25@30.

WILMINGTON MARKET, March 11.

Reported expressly for the Times.

By Cumming & Styron, Commission Merchants.

Bacon, hoground 13@14, western sides 13@14, western shoulders 11@11, hams 14@15; Brandy peach 70@75, apple 50@60; Butter 28@30; Beeswax 22@24; Cheese 12@13; Candles, adamantine 28@30, sperm 50@60; Corn 77@00; Cotton 11@13; Coffee, rio 11¼@12, lagura 12@13; Farthens 37@40; Flour, superfine 7.25@0.00, extra 7.75, fine 6.75, family 7.75, scratched 6.50@6.75; Guano, 1 ton $62, 5 tons $60; Hay (N. C.) 90@1.00; Lime 125@135; Molasses, Cuba 44@45; Mackerel, 2 no. 6.00@0.00, 3no. 6.50@6.75; Nails 5@; Oats 38@40; Rosin, no. 1, 2.87@3.00, no. 2, 1.25@1.30, common 1.00@1.10; Rice 4@5; Shad 00@00; Salt, alum 50@60, sack 1.10@1.20; Sugar, clarified 11@12, P. R. 9@10; Wheat, red 1.40@1.45, white 1.45@1.50.

NORFOLK MARKET.

Reported expressly for the Times.

By Rowland & Bros., Commission Merchants.

Bacon, hams 11@, hoground 11@, western sides 12½@, shoulders 11@; Beans 1.50@1.75; Buckwheat, bag 90@95; Butter, goshen 20@25, glade 23@26; Beeswax 20@25; Cotton 12@18; Corn, white 63@65, mixed 60@62, yellow 64@65; Coffee, rio 11½@12½, laguira 13@14; Candles, adamantine 25@28; Dried Apples, ½ bbl. 2.50, 1.70@1.80, Peaches, peeled ½ bbl. 4.00@4.50@5.00; Eggs 20@25; Flour, fine 7.00@7.50, superfine 7.25@7.80, extra 8.00@8.50, family 9.00@10.00; Flaxseed 1.10@1.10; Guano, 1 ton 58.00@0.00; Hay 1.00@1.25; Lard, no. 1 & 2, 14@15; Lime 1.12@1.25; Molasses 50@56; Oats 40@43; Salt, fine ½ sack, 1.70@1.80, ground alum 1.12@1.15, blown 1.60@1.70; Sugar, refined 11@13, crushed 14@15, W. India 10@11; Shingles, heart 12 in bunch, 7.00@7.25, sap do do 4.00@5.00; Staves, R. O. hhd. 25.00@30.00, H. O. hhd. 43.00@45.00, do heading 50.00@55.00; Soap, brown 4½@8, yellow 4½@8; Wheat, red 1.40@1.50, white 1.45@1.50; Whisky 26@28.

BALTIMORE, March 9.—Flour is firm; sales of Howard street at $6; City Mills, $6.12½. Wheat firm: white $1.50@1.60; red $1.43@1.44. Corn 57@62 cents.

NEW YORK, March 6.—Flour is lower; State, $6.25@6.35; Southern $6.80@6.85. Wheat firm: red $1.40. Corn unsettled; mixed 74 cents. Stocks firm.

MURDERS IN NORTH CAROLINA:—In Martin county on the 17th ult., a Mr. Haddocks was assisting a gentleman by the name of Hurst in chastising a negro, when two of the negro's brothers came up and one of them struck Mr. Haddocks on the back part of his head, causing instant death, the other aimed a blow at Mr. Hurst but it did not take effect, Mr. Hurst warding it off with his cane. The negroes then made their escape and had not when Mr. Lamb wrote been apprehended.

In Wilmington, on the 6th inst., a jury of inquest was held on the body of Henry Williams, a seaman, who was drowned from on board the schr. Wake, in that port, on the night of the 27th January last. After a thorough and careful investigation of the matter, the jury returned a verdict, that the deceased "came to his death from drowning, which was caused by a blow or blows, and being pushed overboard by Joseph Ewings." Ewings had been previously committed to jail.

DUEL AT MOBILE:—Mr. Nixon, Editor of the Crescent, and Mr. Breckinridge, of the Courier, both of New Orleans, fought a duel at Mobile on the 6th inst. At the second fire Breckinridge received a ball in his left thigh, which was broken. Nixon was unhurt.

THE DRED SCOTT CASE.—The opinion of Chief Justice Taney in the Dred Scott case is, that negroes have no rights as citizens under the Constitution—that the Missouri Compromise is unconstitutional, being an exercise of power not delegated by the States to the General Government under the ordinances of 1787, binding as an act of several States prior to the formation of the Constitution.

A SOUTHERN UNIVERSITY.—A vigorous movement is now being made in the Southern States, originating, it is said, with Bishop Polk, of Louisiana, for the establishment of a University upon a most liberal basis. It is proposed that no actual steps in the expenditure of money shall be taken until the sum of five hundred thousand dollars shall have been secured. Others argue that at least a million of dollars can be obtained. The project has met with favor in eight Southern States, and it is thought that there will be no difficulty in procuring whatever funds may be required.

THE FEVER AT PORTSMOUTH.—The Transcript understands from a Doctor in whose judgment it has entire confidence, that a fever prevails in Portsmouth at the present time by which many are carried off. It is an old disease and has long been considered incurable, and is known as the fever of matrimony. It is of a contagious character.

☞ Welch, the member of Congress from Connecticut, who was recently on trial before the House of Representatives on a charge of corruption, has been exculpated by that body.

James Peacock was killed at Pikeville, Wayne county, on Thursday 20th., ult. while engaged in an affray with two brothers, named James and Needham Tarleton. James gives security to answer in the sum of $1,000.

Don't read any more in this column.

THE TIMES

Is published every Thursday in Greensboro, N. C.

EDITORS.

E. W. OGBURN, C. C. COLE, JAMES W. ALBRIGHT.

Corresponding Editors.

Hon. G. Staples, Portsmouth, Va.
William R. Hunter, South Carolina.

GREENSBOROUGH, N. C.

THURSDAY, MARCH 12, 1857.

Positive Arrangement.

Subscribers receiving their papers with a cross mark are notified thereby that their subscription will expire in four weeks, and unless renewed within that time their names will be erased from the mail book.

BRIEF PROSPECTUS

For the benefit of such as may happen to see this number of the Times.

Being determined to present to the Southern States, a Literary and Family Journal worthy of their patronage, we have the pleasure of presenting an array of talent as regular contributors to the columns of the Times, not surpassed by any other paper published in the Union.

The reading matter will consist of Original Stories, History, Biography, Agriculture, Education, Poetry, and the News of the day. The paper contains no sectarianism, but will aim to enlighten, amuse, and inculcate sound moral principle. It will strive to be a mirror of the world around us. The Serials which we will present from time to time, and which are procured at great expense, will be from the pens of the most gifted of the American Literati.

Besides the several serials commenced in the present number, we have the pleasure of announcing the following highly interesting and instructive papers on hand to follow in quick succession:

A HISTORY OF THE COMMON SCHOOL SYSTEM IN N. C., from its first introduction into the Legislature to the present time, with remarks on its past difficulties and present prospects, be *Rev. C. H. Wiley*, State Superintendant of Common Schools.

THE HISTORY OF THE MALE AND FEMALE COLLEGES and High Schools, in North Carolina, the rise and progress of each, by the *Presidents, and Principals of the Institutions.*

CONRAD DE CASTRO THE OATH BOUND—OR THE MYSTERIOUS STRANGER AND THE GOLDEN KEY.—A Union story by thirteen authors—Edited by *R. G. Staples.*

LIFE PICTURES: Highways and Byways, by *Fanny Fielding*, author of "Footprints of the Pestilence."

THE FAIR ROSETTA; or, Human Perfectibility, by *Stella Steele*

A LEAF FROM THE LIFE OF AGNES HERBERT, by *Jeannie.*

LIZZIE LEE, by *Stella Steele.*

NED PERCY'S OR LOVE AND PREJUDICE, by *Mrs. L. M. Hutchenson.*

SWEET FERN SPRING; or The Prima Donna's Triumph, by *Miss Mary W. Janvrin*, author of "Cornelian Ring," "Wrecker's Daughter," "Decree, the Quadroon," "Warning Starr," "Ruby Cross," etc.

HUGH LINDSLIE; or The Re-Union. A simple story of life's vicissitudes, by our Corresponding Editor, *Hob. G. Staples.*

LAURA; or The Snow Flake, by *Miss Anne M. Bates.*

FORTUNE TELLING, and its consequences, by *Mat Social.*

FRIENDSHIP, LOVE AND TRUTH; a story of Odd Fellowship, by *Mrs L. M. Hutchinson.*

GARCIA FENELON; or the Truly Good, by *Mat Social.*

THE FARMER'S DAUGHTER, by *Finley Johnson.*

THWARTED PLOTS, by *Clara Augusta.*

FASHION AND FOLLY; or, Wisdom and Charity, by *Ian Clayton.*

EMILY SOMERVILLE; or, Constancy Rewarded, by *Charles M. Tenley*, Associate Editor N. Y. Literary Journal.

THE SOUTHERN STATES AND CITIES:—Their present appearance and Commercial prospect, by our traveling Corresponding Editor, *Wm. R. Hunter.*

To be followed by numerous other contributions of no less merit and interest. It shall be the sole aim of the Proprietors to make the Times a useful as well as welcome visitor to the home circle. It shall contain all the Foreign and Domestic news of the day, so condensed as to present the greatest possible amount of intelligence. The world shall be our text book.

In order to meet our great expense and labor, we hope to receive at least

5,000 NEW SUBSCRIBERS.

We ask every one who loves home and home institutions, lend their name and influence to establish in their midst a great Southern Literary Weekly. With your help, we pledge you to spare neither labor nor expense to make the Times the best paper American genius can produce. We only ask you to try us one year.

TERMS:

1 Copy one year	.....	$ 2.00
5 Copies	"	10.00
10 "	"	15.00
20 "	"	25.00
50 "	"	50.00

☞ No paper sent unless the money accompanies the order, nor will the paper be sent longer than paid for. ☜

☞ Specimen copies sent gratis, on application.

Address, OGBURN, COLE & ALBRIGHT, Greensboro' N. C.

Mr. Simms' Lectures:—W. Gilmore Simms, L. L. D., of South Carolina, the Novelist, Poet and Historian, delivered two lectures in this place last week. The first on Wednesday night, "The Ante-Columbian History of America." The peculiar interest of this Lecture is the novelty of the theory, which the Lecturer attemps to prove, and of which he makes quite a reasonable showing. Bancroft, in his history of the United States, however, discredits the testimony of the Northmen, from whose records Mr. Simms draws considerable of his evidence.

His second Lecture, delivered on Thursday, was the "Ante-Colonial History of America." Upon this subject, the Lecturer had more room for display, and the many brilliant pictures painted with thrilling words, showed how perfectly at home he was even in this, the most difficult field of the writer. There is a vast difference in flowery language thrown together by chance as it appears, and in the picturing of some brilliant or thrilling scene by familiar words, but in such a manner as to cause you to forget the language in the plain view of the scene. The one is dashing brilliant colors promiscuously upon the canvass, while the other with the skill of the Artist, makes even the slight touches of the brush to speak. Thus it was with Mr. Simms' Lecture, beautiful, chaste and effective. The entire audience was delighted, and but for pressing engagements at home, would have detained him for another night.

NORTHERN LITERATURE.

We have frequently, but we fear, ineffectually called the attention of southern readers to the character of the Northern papers and periodicals which they are reading. Can anything wield a more powerful and deleterious influence over the peace of society and the dignity of our institutions than a depraved, degenerate literature! Yet southern men, boasting of their chivalry, their patriotism and their devotion to southern institutions, can't be persuaded of the wrong they are doing in patronizing a species of literature whose main object is the overthrow of slavery and the consequent introduction of a servile war into the southern states.

Of the kind of literature to which we allude is Putnam's Magazine, the New York Herald, the Philadelphia Evening Post and other kindred prints, all of which have a wide circulation in the south. Let us take, for example, a few extracts from Putnam's Magazine. Speaking of the institution of slavery that periodical, in a late number, says:

"The first proper novel in American literature 'Uncle Tom's Cabin,' is the greatest protest against *it.*"

"That novel is scarce six years old, and it strikes the key note of a strain that will not cease. The whole spirit of modern literature is directly humane. There are, therefore, but three ways open to Tupman & Co.; first, to give up reading altogether; second, *to read a humane literature, which is, in its very essence, anti-slavery*; or, third, to insist that the 'talent enough to do what is wanted' shall begin to do it."

The Editor moreover says that the *literature of the country* "will treat slavery as a great moral, social and political evil."

That such language as the foregoing exerts a ruinous influence, even on southern minds, will not—does not admit of an argument. The result, it is true, may not be serious; but the intention is corrupt and the tendency dangerous.

The Richmond Enquirer says "it speaks well for either the charity or the ignorance of our people, when such stuff is tolerated. We are not inclined to give it the gentler name. It is sheer ignorance, or worse, a stupid blindness to the true interests of the South, which prompts any to the encouragement of such literature."

We agree perfectly with the Enquirer, and therefore venture to urge upon our readers the stern necessity that exists for the suppression of "such stuff." Were a southern editor to present the like to his readers, he would receive and deserve a coat of tar and feathers. Will "such stuff" still be tolerated?

The above sensible and truthful comment on Northern Literature is taken from the Goldsboro *Tribune*, a political paper, which meets the point in question manfully and in the true spirit.

Were we to attack every article from the same source, our paper would be filled with comments every week. It would be one continuous repetition from editorial to editorial. But unless our people will awake upon the subject and each act for himself, make the individual effort, tear himself and herself aloof, the comments of the press will be unavailing.

Such extracts as are given above by the *Tribune* are not half so dangerous as those insinuative remarks covered with a multitude of meaningless words. And these are teeming in every issue from their press, whether in Dailies, Weeklies or Monthlies.

For this imposition there is a remedy. If the *people* will move the deed is done and the evil will disappear. To have a first class literature at the South, a purer literary taste must be cultivated in the masses. Their attention must be directed to the sustaining of home efforts, and if it requires, time must be sacrificed and labor bestowed to build them up.

It is just as important to our heads and our hearts, to cultivate refined sentiments and ennobling thoughts, as that we should keep a close eye upon the political affairs of state. Yes; it is more important. For with a proper information, four-fifths of the political excitements, calling our farmers and men of business from their daily avocations, to listen to political harangues and demagogical speakers merely to effect individual advancement, would be vanished and the thin gauze which conceals the bare motives of these men, crying danger when there is no danger, would be torn from their blackened hearts by the pure hands of the yeomanry.

We do not undervalue politics. On the contrary, it is the bounden duty of every man to study the politics of his country. But it is this political humbuggery we decry, and would recommend as a remedy and a substitute the cultivation of a taste for literature. And let this be *home* literature and we will be better politically, socially and morally.

Lord Napier:—England has at last honored our government with a Lord as her Minister to Washington. Perhaps had she known that great men did not always possess high titles, we might have had Lords before this, and her interests might have fared better at the hands of our great statesmen. She has been taught the lesson, however, and can now appreciate the abilities of an American Statesman, though he may not be called Lord.

We see that a deputation of the chamber of commerce of New York, waited on Lord Napier on the 7th inst., and extended to him a warm welcome to this country. Lord Napier replied felicitously, and then he was introduced to those present.

Political:—We learn from a letter in the Washington Organ that the Hon. E. G. Reade, of this Congressional District, declines another canvass on account of ill health.

Sketch of the Life of Dr. Kane.

The untimely death of this distinguished explorer lends a new charm to the history of one who has sacrified his life in the service of his country. His days were few but brilliant, and the following brief sketch will interest every reader.

Dr. Elisha Kent Kane was born in Philadelphia, February 3, 1822. Nearly a third of his life was consumed in travel out of the limits of the United States. No man of his years, however, was more thoroughly acquainted with the geographical features of his own country. He was educated at the Universities of Virginia and Pennsylvania, graduating as a doctor of medicine in 1833. His graduation thesis on "Kyestine" was crowned by the faculty, and is still cited as authority in the books of the profession. Immediately after receiving his degree, he was appointed upon the diplomatic staff as surgeon to the first American embassy to China. He availed himself of the facilities afforded by his position to explore the Phillipines, most of which travel, including Camarinas and Mindora, was made on foot.

His charts are still preserved, but we believe have not been published. His associate during a portion of this exploration, the lamented young Baron Loe, of Prussia, sank under the effects of the hardship and exposure which attended upon it, and died in Java. Dr. Kane devoted much attention to the volcanic region of Albay, expecting to connect his observations with subsequent travels in Sombava. His sojourn among the Negritos and Araturas was one of romantic interest. He was the first who descended the crater of the Tael, upon which occasion he effected a topographical sketch of the interior of this great volcano. He was lowered more than a hundred feet by a bamboo rope from an overhanging cliff and clambering down some seven hundred feet through the scoriæ, was dragged up senseless, with the interesting specimens which he had collected.—Among these were bottles of sulphureous acid from the very mouth of the crater.

After this Dr. Kane traversed India, spending a considerable time among the monolithic structures of Arungabad, (which would seem to have particularly attracted his notice,) visited Ceylon, the Upper Nile, the Oases of Jupiter Ammon, &c., and various classic regions which have since become the trodden ground of European tourists. A portion of this travel introduced him to the learned Lepsius, who was then prosecuting his researches in Egypt. Returning, however, Kane was so unfortunate as to lose his *gabeah* in a quicksand above E'Sloot, and with it his entire papers and journals of years of interesting travel.

Taking a profound interest in the workings of the slave trade, Dr. Kane next sailed from home in the frigate United States for the coast of Africa. He visited the slave factories from Cape Mount to the river Bonny, and had free access to the baracoons of Dahomey through the influence of that infamous Da Sowza. An excursion which he planned to Abomey, favored by the Portuguese, failed through a severe attack of the coast fever, from the effects of which Dr. Kane's constitution has never entirely recovered.

Dr. Kane's personal adventures in Mexico are part of the history of his country. His wounds on the field of Napoluca, which were of a very serious nature, opened to him the hospitalities of his prisoner, Major General Gaona, the defender of San Juan d' Ulloa against the French, and secured him the gratitude of other Mexican citizens of the highest distinction. We believe, however, that his travels through the Republic of the Cactus carried him little outside the lines of military operations. After his brilliant performance of the duty of carrying President Polk's despatches to Gen. Scott, he was still necessarily trammelled by the movements of the American forces. His barometrical altitudes of Popocatepetl however, are of value.

On the return of peace he was assigned to the Coast Survey, under Professor Bache, and was at work in the Gulf of Mexico when the liberality of Mr. Grinnell stimulated the Government of the United States to the first American expedition in search of Sir John Franklin. Dr. Kane immediately volunteered his services, and was accepted as the Senior Surgeon of the Squadron. His "Personal Narrative" of this cruise was published in 1852.

Before it was completed for the press he had effected his arrangements for the last Arctic Expedition, appropriating to this cherished object of his own pecuniary resources, as well as drawing largely on those of Mr. Grinnell and several of the scientific institutions of the country.

The history of that expedition and the remarkable discoveries to which it led are now before the country. They constitute in themselves an imperishable monument to Dr. Kane's fame. It will ever be a subject of deep regret that the sufferings through which he achieved those results should have prevented him from reaping the full benefit of the honors to which they would unquestionably have led.

On the failure of Dr. Kane's health, he visited the West Indies; but her mild climate failed to restore the constitution shattered by the Arctic's frozen region. He died on the 16 February at Havan, breathing his last as peacefully and gently as a child.

The greatest sympathy was shown by the officials of the island, all of whom attended the funeral obsequies including the Captain General, and an immense concourse of residents and others. The corpse was brought to New Orleans on the Cahawba, and forwarded by the river to Philadelphia, the residence of his father, Judge Kane.

To Writers for this Paper:—Receiving so many contributions of much length and little thought, requiring much of our time for perusal, and, if published, still more for correction, we will throw out a few hints to our friends, which may result in mutual good.

To write a good composition requires practice, as well as hard study. And it is as necessary for the Author to follow *rules*, as for the Mechanic. We present a few, such as we find violated to the greatest extent.

1 Never write until you have first conceived a thought, and have *something* to write.

2 Study what words will plainest and most accurately express your thoughts.

3 Do not use too many adjectives. A multiplicity of descriptive words cancels much of the beauty and strength of an expression.

4 Just as soon as your thoughts are expressed, stop writing; and hope not to make up the deficiency in your composition, by the length of the scroll.

5 You should now review closely what is written, and every word or sentence that can be omitted without detracting from the sense of the article, should receive a penstroke. It is not enough for a sentence to be beautiful only; to be formed of what we call high sounding words—flowery language. To be effective and to stand the critical test, it should carry a thought amidst the leaves of the floweret; something to feed the mind as well as tickle the fancy.

And lastly, having followed the above rules, remember that printers are still human though every office has its devel, and be sure you write a plain, legible hand for them to read; or else they may deface your communication with typographical errors.

We hope you will pay strict attention to the above suggestions, and it will always afford us much pleasure to receive your contributions. There are numbers, also, in our midst, who have never written for the press, yet with a little care on their part, they may become beautiful writers and an ornament to our Southern Literature. Let all such make *one* effort.

TOWN ELECTION.

It will be remembered that the first Monday in April is the day for the election of Intendent and Commissioners of Greensboro. In relation to this subject, the following communication has been handed to us for publication.

Messrs. Editors:

Feeling a deep interest in the prosperity of our flourishing Town, and believing as I do; that much depends upon the men who Manage the affairs of the same, and further that an attempt will be made to elect men as Commissioners who care little, or nothing, for her *moral* condition; occupying the position I do, to the retiring board I take the privilege of recommending and urging upon all good citizens the election of the following Ticket.

For Intendent.
JAMES SLOAN,
For Commissioners.

For East Division		JED H. LINDSAY,
South	"	JAS. F. JOLLEE.
North	"	JAS. M. GARRETT,
West	"	Wm. A. CALDWELL.

Respectfully Yours.
A CITIZEN.

Private Corner.

Our columns are too crowded this week to allow a separate notice for each contribution. We sum them up in one paragraph, and among them we find some very excellent articles. We are also under obligations for some new acquaintances.

"Spirit Wanderings," a sketch by Mat Social; "The Merchant and the Beggar, or the world's justice," a short story by Finley Johnson; "The Present," a poem by Louis N. Burdick; "How Jem Waters got Married," a sketch by E. M. Bement; "Stanzas" and "Lines to Lottie Linwood," poems by M. D. Williams; "We parted, Mother," a poem by Ina Clayton; "New Year's Night, a translation from the German of Richter," and a poem, "The Rose by the hearth—A Bachelor's reverie," by * * *.

Literary Lectures:—We see in the Wilmington papers that Rev. Dr. Deems has consented to deliver two Lectures in Wilmington—the one "Trade Life, its Poetry and Ethics"—the other "The True Dignity of Money making"—for the benefit of Front Street Methodist Church, over which congregation he has charge the present year.

Sermons to Young Men:—The second sermon in this series by Rev. N. F. Reid, will be delivered in the Methodist church at 3 O'clock on next Sunday evening. That hour has been selected by a request from members of the other congregation, to enable them likewise to hear the discourses. It was the unanimous verdict of the congregation listening to the first of the series, that it was one of the most chaste, eloquent and well conceived addresses to which they had ever listened.

Opening of the Tehuantepec Route.—Important intelligence has been received from Tampico, announcing the completion of the preliminary carriage road across that isthmus. Two carriages passed over to the Pacific terminus on the 4th of January, returning next day. Among the occupants were the American consul at Vera Cruz; Senor Quitierers, late Mexican secretary of treasury, and others. Great rejoicing was manifested all along the isthmus. The contract with the Mexican government is now fulfilled, and the privileges guaranteed thereby secured.

Congressional Items:—Congress adjourned on the 4th inst., and we give some of the most important closing items.

Congress has provided for a mail once, twice or four times a month overland from the Mississippi to San Francisco.

The officers of the late Texas navy are to receive five years, pay as waiting orders. Also, has provided appropriations for the exploration and verification of the surveys for a ship canal across the Isthmus of Darien, and the extension of the surveys and completion of the exploration of Panama and Paraguay rivers; seventy-one thousand dollars for one year's duty pay to the ropped officers under the act to promote the efficiency of the navy, who still not be restored; 10,000 for testing useful inventions designed for advancing the efficiency of the navy; $1,000,000 for the construction of five sloops of war with screw propellers, and providing for the amount of pay claimed by Gen. Scott as Lieut. General.

Minnesota Land Bill:—The following is the vote on the bill which passed the Senate giving to Minnesota public lands enough to construct nine hundred and twenty-five miles of railroad:

Yeas—Messrs. *Allen*, Bell, of Tennessee, *Benjamin Brown*, *Cass*, Critten *Dodge Douglas*, *Durkee*, Fish, *Fitch*, Foot, Foster, *Geyor*, *Green*, *Iverson*, *James*, *Jones*, of Tennessee, *Mallory*, Nourse, *Pearce*, *Rusk*, *Sebastian*, Seward *Stewart*, *Toombs*, Trumbull, Wade, *Weller*, Wilson and *Yulee*—32.

Nays—Messrs. Biggs, Bigler, Broadhead, Clay, Evans, Hunter, Mason, Pugh, Reid, and Slidell—10. We have put the names of the Democrats voting *for* this donation of land to Minnesota in italics.—

The New Tariff Act.—Congress, as usual, by leaving the most important business to the end of the session, had to pass some of them in a considerable hurry. The Tariff bill is one of these. Both Houses, at the last hour, adopted the report of the Joint Committee of Conference. By the bill as passed, there is a large extention of the Free List, placing thereon many articles which enter as raw materials into the composition of our manufactures. A reduction of the present rates of duty on Iron, Cotton and Woolen Fabrics, Hemp, Sugar, Wool costing over twenty cents per pound, and most other articles now charged thirty, to twenty-five per cent. Wool costing less than twenty cents per pound, will henceforth be free. Distilled Spirits, Liquors, &c., hitherto charged one hundred per cent are reduced to seventy-five per cent.—Wines, Cut Glass, Meats, Raisins, Snuff, Cigars, and all forms of manufacture tobacco, all manufactures of Rosewood, Mahogany, &c., Sweetmeats, Prunes, &c., are reduced from forty per cent to thirty, perhaps lower. A general reduction of twenty per cent, on all articles not carried to the free list or reduced either to four or eight per cent. The bill only needs the signature of the President to become a law, and this, it is believed, was given to it on Tuesday night. The measure of reduction is altogether conjectural, but the opinion prevails that it will amount to about fourteen millions of dollars.

Federal Court House:—Congress made an appropriation of $50,000 for the construction of a Federal Court House and Post Office in Columbia, S. C.

We do not know whether the appropriation of a like sum for similar buildings in Raleigh was made, prior to the adjournment. It passed the Senate on the night of the third, but whether it was acted upon by the House, we cannot tell.

Millions of dollars were voted on the last day of the session without the members knowing the specific objects of the appropriation, the amendments rejected or adopted by the committees of conference not having been made for want of time. All the bills passed received the President's signature, but he declined approving the joint resolution concerning the extra pay of the congressional clerks.

The closing scenes of the past Congress were quite creditable as compared with many of its predecessors. There was no personal conflicts nor drunken disorder.

Ambrotypes:—We invite the attention of our citizens to the advertisement of Z. S. Coffin, Ambrotype Artist. We have examined his specimens, and believe them to be equal if not superior to any we have ever seen in this place or elsewhere. He is conscious of his ability to give good pictures, and challenges the county. See his reward. Now is the time if you wish a likeness.

Pitt Superior Court.—Sandy and Guilford, the negros charged with killing Mr. Haddock, overseer for Mr. Jos. D. Biggs, of Martin, were tried at Pitt Superior Court, held last week, and convicted of murder.

REVIEWS.

DEBOW'S REVIEW for March sustains its high deserved reputation as an able journal devoted to the Industrial resources of the South and South-west. We hope the Review meets with a liberal support as every planter in the South would more than quadruple his outlay by information to be gained in every number. Term $5 a year, address either Washington, D. C., or New Orleans.

THE LADIES' CHRISTIAN ANNUAL for March is embellished with a steel engraving of Alexander Campbell, accompanied with a biographical sketch. The Annual is well printed and edited with ability. $1 a year, Philadelphia.

STUDENT AND SCHOOLMATE, a monthly reader for schools, edited by N. A. Calkins, New York. Term $1 a year. The March No. presents its usual variety of reading and illustration, suitable for the young.

The Senate has passed the Post Office bill, with an amendment providing for an overland mail to San Francisco.

Two Negroes Drowned:—At Washington, N. C., on the morning of the 16th ult., a valuable negro man belonging to John Myers, and fireman on board the steamer Governor Morehead, accidentally fell overboard and was drowned.

About twelve o'clock, on the same day, while a flat laden with lumber, belonging to Mr. Myers, was crossing the river, she sprung a leak and sunk suddenly, carrying down four negro men; three of them succeeded in reaching the warf, the fourth one was drowned, and in a few yards of the spot where the one was drowned during the morning.

MARRIED,

In Memphis, Tenn., Friday 3 March, by Rev. Dr. Bryan, Mr. LUCIEN N. BRUCE, formerly of Greensboro, N. C., to Miss D. P. RUTHERFORD of that city.

DIED,

In the vicinity of Raleigh, on the 3d instant, Mrs. ELIZA A., wife of the Rev. Thomas J. Lemay.

In this place, on Tuesday last, Rev. WILLIAM BAISLEY, in the 87th year of his age. Father Baisley, as we all learned in our younger days to reverentially call him, was born in this county, and settled in this place when it was in its infancy. He was an eminent divine, and founded the Presbyterian Church.

At his residence in the vicinity of Fayetteville, on the 8th inst., Dr. BENJAMIN ROBESON.

Dr. Robinson was one of the oldest and most respected citizens of Fayetteville, having been born at Bennington, Vermont, on the 11th of February, 1756, and removed permanently to Fayetteville about 1804, where he has since resided, engaged in the practice of his profession.

In this county, on the 27th ult., PERMELIA F. LANIER, aged 16 years. A kind and affectionate daughter, a tender sister, and warm-hearted friend, her loss will be keenly felt, and long wept by the bereaved circle she once graced. And at whose grave shall we weep, if not at the grave of the young, the lovely, the interesting female? Who will not pause and heave a sigh, and drop a tear upon the grave of this young and pure-hearted one? That one so young, so joyous, so full of life, so bright with hope, should be cut down in the sweet morning of life, and like a tender flower, nipped by an untimely frost, should hang her gentle head, and droop—and wither—and die!

Sweet sleeper! if the virtues which adorn the mind could have embalmed thy being—if the love of all who knew thee could have saved thee from the grave, thou hadst not died. Who was not the friend of Permelia. Of whom was not she the friend? Her amiable and affectionate disposition won every heart. *All* loved her, because she loved *all*. She poured out her soul among her friends, in a stream of generous and gladdening confidence, while her sweet smile of friendly sympathy flung a brightness over every scene in which she moved. Though deeply bereaved they mourn not as those without hope. She died in the triumphs of faith, being desirous to "depart and be with Jesus." May we so live that we may have the same strong consolation in the dying hour.—*Com.*

A TRIBUTE OF RESPECT.

At a called meeting of Greensboro Lodge No. 76, it being announced that Bro. DAVID G. STEWART departed his life on the 9th inst., a committee was appointed to draft resolutions, expressive of our feelings.

The following preamble and resolutions were read and adopted:

Whereas it has pleased an all-wise God who doeth all things well, to remove by death, our well beloved brother.

Resolved, That we would, under all circumstances, bow with submission to the will of an all-wise Providence, but we cannot but feel profound sorrow for the loss of one so near to us.

Resolved, That we wear the usual badge of mourning for thirty days.

Resolved, That we deeply sympathize with the friends and relations of the deceased, and tender all the consolation in our power.

Resolved, That a copy of this preamble and resolutions be entered on our minutes and sent to the relatives of our deceased brother.

Resolved, That the Editors of the Times and Patriot and Flag be requested to publish the same.

T. M. WHITTINGTON,
J. D. DONNELL,
C. C. COLE. } Com.

JAMES M. HUGHES, FASHIONABLE TAILOR, West Market Street, one door below the Book Store. All persons wishing Clothes made in the latest style and on the most reasonable terms, can be accommodated by calling at my shop. I have a regular agency by which I receive the Paris, New York and Philadelphia fashions every three months. No establishment in the country is better prepared to give good and fashionable work. One trial is all that is asked, and if satisfaction is not given as above, the money will be refunded both in cutting and making.

JAMES M. HUGHES,

March 12, 1857.

ONLY ONE DOLLAR FOR A FINE AMBROTYPE.—Every gentleman and lady of this place and vicinity would do well for themselves to call at Cobin's Ambrotype Gallery and get one. He don't hesitate in saying that he can please all persons, who will call. Every gentleman and lady is particularly invited to call and examine his specimens. Rooms over Gilmer & Hendrix's Store. Call soon, or my stay will be short.

March 12, '57. Z. S. COFFIN.

MULLETS.—25 Bbls. LARGE Mullets, at

GEO. H. KELLEY & BRO.

Wilmington, March 9.

FRESH ARRIVALS.—Per Schr. A. J. DeRosset, from New York:—25 Bags Prime Laguyra Coffee; 15 Bbls. C. Yellow Sugar; 12 Jars pure Potash. Low for cash at

GEO. H. KELLEY & BRO.

Wilmington, March 9.

FRESH ARRIVALS. PER SCHR HELENE, from New York:—25 Bags Rio Coffee; 15 Boxes Pale Soap Low for cash at GEO. H. KEELEY & BRO.

Wilmington, March 7.

$100 DOLLARS REWARD.—THE Above reward will be given to any person of this county who will produce Ambrotypes superior to Coffin's. Remember his rooms are over Gilmer & Hendrix's Store.

March 12, 1857. Z. S. COFFIN.

W. H. REECE,
CONSTABLE,
WILL STRICTLY ATTEND TO the collection of *ALL DEBTS* intrusted to his care with promptness and dispatch.

60::3mo Post Office, Jamestown, N. C.

J. N. WOOD,
AUCTION, COMMISSION & FORWARDING
MERCHANT,
Goldsborough, N. C.,
WILL attend to the sale of Flour and other Produce. 14tf

K. M. MURCHISON. A. J. HOWELL.
MURCHISON & HOWELL,
(Formerly of North Carolina)
COMMISSION MERCHANTS,
104 *Wall Street.*
NEW YORK.

☞ Personal attention given to all business entrusted to their care. (57—1y.)

JOHN W. PAYNE,
ATTORNEY AT LAW,
HAVING permanently located in Greensboro, N. C., will attend the Courts of Randolph, Davidson, and Guilford, and promptly attend to the collection of all claims placed in his hands.

Jan. 8, 1857. 2-1y

CATALOGUE OF
FRESH GARDEN SEEDS.

JUST received and for sale at the DRUG STORE, by W. G. PORTER.

ASPARAGUS,
Law's Grant.
BEETS,
Extra Early Blood beet,
Long Smooth Dark Blood,
Early Blood Turnip,
Yellow Turnip,
White Sugar.
BROCOLI,
Early White,
" Late.
BUSH BEANS,
Early Valentine,
" Yellow 6 weeks,
Large White Kidney,
Early Refugee or 1000 to 1,
White Cranberry,
Red Speckled Valentine,
Large Lima or Butter,
White Dutch Runner.
CABBAGE,
Early York,
" Sugar Loaf,
Large Flat Dutch,
" Eng. Drumhead,
Fine Drumhead Savoy,
Green Globe Savoy,
Red Dutch for Pickling,
Large Am. Drumhead,
Wetherfield Prem flat Dutch,
Large Drumhead Savoy.
CAULIFLOWER,
Early London,
Large Late Asiatic.
CARROT,
Long Orange,
Whitefield.
CELERY,
White Salia,
Rose Colored,
New Silver Giant.
CUCUMBER,
Early Frame,
" Russian,
" Cluster,
London Long Green,
Extra " Turkey,
Gherkin.
EGG PLANT,
Long Purple,
" White.
EARLY CORN,
Early Sweet or Sugar,
" Tuscarora.
LETTUCE,
Early White Cabbage,
" Ice Head.

Feb. 14.

MELONS,
Large Musk,
Green Citron,
Pine Apple,
Mountain Sweet,
Yellow Cantelope,
Nasturtium or Indian Cress.
ONIONS,
Extra Early Red,
White Portugal,
Setts Large Red.
OKRA,
Long White,
PARSLEY,
Myatt's Garmshing,
Plain,
Curled.
PARSNIPS,
Fine Sugar,
Long Smooth.
PEPPER GRASS,
Curled,
Broad Leafed.
PEPPER
Long Cayenne,
Large Sweet Bell-shaped.
PEAS,
Extra Early May,
Early Frame or Juna,
Dwarf Sugar,
J. R. & Co.'s Extra Early.
RADISH,
Early Frame Radish,
Long White Summer,
" Scarlet Short Top.
White Turnip,
RHUBURB,
Mytt's Victoria.
SQUASH,
Early Summer,
Lima Cocoanut,
Early Summer Crook Neck.
SWEET HERB,
Lavender,
Sweet Majorum,
Lemon Balm,
Sage.
TOMATO,
Large Yellow,
" Red,
J. R. & Co.'s Large Red.
TURNIP,
Large Eng. White flat,
Early flat Dutch or Summer,
Yellow Globe.

THE EMPEROR OF RUSSIA.—The ECLECTIC MAGAZINE for January, 1857, is embellished with a splendid Portrait of the Emperor of Russia, with a graphic description of the coronation ceremonies at Moscow, another of Dr. Chalmers, in addition to a rich table of contents served up from the Foreign Periodicals, and ready for its friends and patrons. It should be in every library—on every centre-table. The ECLECTIC has 12 numbers of 144 pages each; 12 or more fine Portraits of Celebrated Men, or beautiful Engravings by Sartain—cheap at 20 cents each—leaving less than $1 for each of the three large volumes, with titles and indexes, and nearly 1800 pages per year of choice reading and permanent value. Price $5. Cheap enough. Please order it at once, by Postmaster. Postage 3 cents on each No. Sent to any part of the country. The January No. begins the 40th Volume. Now is a good time to subscribe. Address

Editors Times,
Greensboro, N. C.

Agents Wanted.—A number of intelligent men of good character, for energy and address, are wanted to canvass various parts of the country for new subscribers to the Eclectic Magazine, to whom a liberal commission is offered. Address the Editor.

W. H. BIDWELL,
(59::tf) No. 5 Beekman st, N. Y.

NOTICE TO EMIGRANTS.—1280 acres of land for sale—The subscriber offers for sale the following tracts of land each containing 160 acres. The North-east quarter of section 24 of township 54 North in range 21 West. Chariton county, Missouri.

The North-west quarter of section 11 of township 56 in range 21 West. Chariton, co., Mo.

The South-west quarter of section 25 of township 1 North in range 9 West. Adams, co., Ill.

The North-east quarter of section 17 of township 4 South in range 7 West. Pike co., Ill.

The North-east quarter of section 15 of township 6 South in range 5 West. Pike co., Ill.

The North-east quarter of section 25 of township 1 South in range 5 West. Adams co., Ill.

The North-west quarter of section 10 of township 2 North in range 2 West. Schuyler co., Ill.

The South-west quarter of section 10 of township 1 North in range 3 East. Arkansas.

The titles are *Patent and Tax* which are equal to *a whole title.*

Address J. BEVERLY HUNTER,
General Land Agent, Sunsbury,
(61::3m) *Gates county, N. C.*

3 DOZ. the great IRON WHEEL examined, or its false spokes extracted, and an exhibition of ELDER GRAVES, its Builder. By W. G. Brownlow, Editor of Brownlow's Knoxville Whig.

Just received and for sale by
June, 1856 E. W. OGBURN.

A GENERAL assortment of Hardware, Grain and Grass Scythes, Nails, Cordage, &c. E. G. LINDSAY,
N. E. corner of Elm & Market.
April, 1856.

THE REVISED CODE.
50 COPIES received and for sale.
E. W. OGBURN.
May, 1856

A. PERRY SPERRY,
(Formerly of Greensborough, N. C.)
WITH
BELL, BROOKS, PACE & CO.,
IMPORTERS & DEALERS IN
STAPLE AND FANCY
DRY GOODS,
No. 89 Chambers, and 11 Reade Street,
1856.] NEW YORK. [2-1y

T. C. & B. G. WORTH,
COMMISSION & FORWARDING
MERCHANTS.
Wilmington, N. C. 1:1y.

STERLING LANIER. SAMPSON LANIER
LAMAR HOUSE,
(FORMERLY COLEMAN HOUSE.)
KNOXVILLE, TENN.,
S. & S. LANIER, *Proprietors.*

MR. STERLIN LANIER, late of the Lanier House, Macon, Ga., and Sampson Lanier, late of Tuskegee, Ala., will be happy to meet all friends and customers at the Lamar House, where they have ample accommodation for 250 persons. 54:1y

WASHING.
GENTLEMEN, who want washing done, can ascertain, by enquiring at the Times Office, where they can have it done in the best manner and on reasonable terms.
Feb. 4, 1857. (07—3t.)

A New Book.
The Old North State in 1776; Second Series, by E. W. Caruthers, D.D., just published, and for sale by
Aug., 1856 E. W. OGBURN.

N. S. FREEMAN,
with
ABBOTT, JOHNS & CO.,
IMPORTERS AND JOBBERS OF
STAPLE AND FANCY
SILK GOODS,
No. 153 Market Street, Philadelphia.
1856. 2-1y

LAMPS.
A large lot of GLASS LAMPS just received at the Drug Store of W. G. PORTER.

WRITTEN FOR THE TIMES.

CHARITY.

BY INVALID.

I saw a spring from the hillside gush,
And down its rugged channel rush;
Now laughing gaily, gaily dancing,
With sunbeams on its bosom glancing;
Its tiny wavelets speeding on,
And leaping o'er each root and stone;
And growing wide and wider still,
The spring became a murmuring rill,
A babbling brook, a river grand;
Which roared on to old ocean's strand.

And stretched upon the flowery bank,
Into a sleepless dream I sank:
While thus in contemplative mood
As sleep in vain my eyelids wooed,
Did fancy picture to my eye
A thousand scenes of earth and sky,
Which borne along on wings of light
Like visions flitted in my sight;
While from each scene in the review,
Some truth both stern and sage I drew.

And to my mind the placid wave,
Addressed itself in accents grave;
Its gentle murmurs told of love
Like that which grows in Heaven above;
And bade me in the fountain see,
An emblem of true charity;
A truthful symbol of that fount,
Which gushes from high Heaven's mount.

For as the spring unceasing flows,
And yet exhausted never grows;
But for each tribute which it gives,
From unseen source one more receives;
And fresh supplies each moment brings,
Although we see not whence it springs;
So thus the mercies we bestow,
To soothe the pang of human woe;
Do not decrease our little store,
Nor make us poorer than before;
But all the blessings we have given,
Will be repaid to us in Heaven.

The Youth.

WRITTEN FOR THE TIMES.

HESSIE ABBOT:

A TALE FOR THE YOUNG.

BY "LELIA LAUREL."

CHAPTER XIII.

The crisis was reached and Laura with becoming advice sank to rest in the arms of her Savior, with her dying breath she prayed for the poor sinner, she breathed her breath out sweetly in pleading for their restitution.

It was a heavy stroke upon that mother's feelings, the death of her eldest born, and none but those with a mother's feelings can in any way sympathize with that stricken family.

Ella, forsaken by her mate, drooped imperceptably till almost beyond medical aid. The mother, who had hitherto been careless and indifferent as regarded her religious profession was now awakened to a true sense of her indifference, and resolved to draw the cards of heaven in closer approximation to herself. Nor did these resolves wear off with the grief consequent upon Laura's death, but served to keep up the interest in heavenly affairs. For who has a friend in a far off country, but what wishes to know something relative to it? So it was now. What Mrs. Taylor had considered as not worth doing she now done with renewed and ardent zeal and many a poor benighted soul has pointed her out as the means in the hands of a merciful Saviour of pointing them to a throne of grace. The Sabbath school was her weekly care and with her utmost endeavors she saw her labors not fruitless. Oh, the blessed and benign influence that our example is capable of diffusing when we come to a sense of that ability and exercise it; it is like dew upon parched herbage, like rain to a desert traveller.

Hessie missed Laura, and mourned as for a dear friend, but her loss was Laura's eternal grain.

With Laura's last breath she besought her father, who had never embraced religion, to turn from his sinful career and flee for refuge in the arms of the Saviour. Without heeding his promise, and more to satisfy his dying child he complied. He never dreamed the nature of it was of such importance, until the last obsequies of Laura had been performed and he had returned to his home, to hear the sad moans of wife and child. But it was so: being a man of the world he thought but a few weeks would pass ere it was forgotton. But no; the gentle voice still haunted him, "Father will you not seek forgiveness of sin and meet your Laura in heaven? promise me that, father, then I die in peace. But mother, sister, weep not though I leave you I will hover round you still and fold my angel wings about you and keep you from temptation, 'till the messenger of death summons you away then I bid you welcome! Oh, I see the infant angels now hovering about me. Good bye father, mother, sis," the words died on her pallid lips and she was an angel.

Could the father forget this? could the last words of a loved daughter be obliterated from his mind? No, as well might the sun forget to shine and the stars to twinkle?

Nothing could throw off the conviction that settled upon the mind of Mr. Taylor after Laura's death. It sank with leaden weight upon his mind and left it not till his peace was made with God.

Now, sunshine again shone in the household of faith more brilliant than a tritold star. "Union is strength," and in the endeavors of Mr. and Mrs. Taylor it was verified faithfully, for the poor blessed and the repentant sinner praised their united endeavors for their good.

CHAPTER XIV.

Hessie's health now began to decline. The rose depened upon her cheek to a deep crimson, the light faded from her eye and the sprightliness from her form; but she maintained the cheerfulness and serenity of mind that is only peculiar to a christian temper. No murmur passed her lips, no complaint marred the hours of her life, but like a blossom that the sun had been too powerful for, she gradually drooped. Her disease was hemorrhage, which even in its incipient stages is very distressing.

Winter passed with its dreariness and severity, and was now mild, balmy spring. The earth's green carpet was rapidly covering the fields and lowns; the birds chirruped gaily on tree and branch, and filled the air with enlivening music; the air was perfumed with the fragrance of blossomed flowers, and all nature presented one scene of beauty and happiness. It seemed sad to see Hessie, the good and pious Hessie, gradually going to her long home; but the thought was no terror—the idea of lying in the silent earth, was no drawback to her happiness, for she knew the soul, that part that is sensible or that which makes us sensible, will ascend to the Father and dwell with him forever. Oh, children, think of this when the hour of death is near, and you will soon be summonsed at the bar of God,—think that in order to dwell in him you must be cleansed, and if we are we shall have no fear of death; nor terror at the idea of lying in the tomb.

TO BE CONTINUED.

WRITTEN FOR THE TIMES.

MISCELLANEOUS ENIGMA.

I AM COMPOSED OF SEVENTEEN LETTERS.

My 1, 2, 10, is a domestic Animal.

My 6, 4, 7, is a small, but useful article to the Ladies.

My 6, 9, 7, is something used by every body, more or less.

My 8, 5, 2, 6, is much used in families, particularly if many children about.

My 7, 2, 7, 1, 11, is a Ladies name.

My 10, 9, 7, 7, 9, 8, 8, 9, 9, is one of the United States.

My 7, 2, 10, is the name of the most important Gentleman connected with the Boarding House, at a Virginia College.

My 6, 4, 9, is a rarity in the way of eatables, at the same House.

My 7, 9, 2, 3, is the name of one in the Junior Class, at the same College.

My whole is the name of the best Literary Society, connected with the College.

FARM, HOUSE AND FUN.

"Slocum, how is it to-day—can you take that note up?"

"I'm sorry to say I can't—never was so cramped in all my life."

"By the way, you are always cramped, are you not?"

"I am sorry to say I am, and yet there is a natual cause for it."

"Why is it?"

"Why, I was weaned on green apples and water-melons!"

TO DESTROY THE BARK LOUSE.—The Country Gentleman states that a certain remedy for the bark louse is, using the common sal. soda, which may be had at any druggists for three cents a pound. Dissolve it in water, allowing one pound of the sal. soda to each gallon of water. When well dissolved, apply it with an old white-wash brush to the limbs and trunk of the tree. It destroys all insects which harbor under the loose bark, and effectually kills the bark louse. Use it in spring and autumn when the trees are not in leaf, and its effects are astonishing in giving a new vitality to the tree. I beg leave to add, for the benefit of those who cannot conveniently get the soda, that a strong ley made of hickory ashes will produce similar effects.—*Arator.*

TURNIPS FOR HOGS.—Turnips by themselves will not fatten hogs. The material contained in turnips is that of which the muscle is formed, and is destitute of the oil necessary to produce fat. Turnips will therefore be good nutrition for making muscle or lean flesh; and the Rutabaga or Swedes turnip will keep hogs in growing condition; but when given to fattening hogs, they must have meal boiled with them, and the more meal the better.

EFFECT OF PUMPKIN SEED ON CATTLE.—A correspondent—J. B. Freeman—of the New England Farmer, describes the evil effects of pumpkin seed on cattle, in rendering milch cows dry. He says he had been led to believe that they were good for feeding milch cows, and commenced to feed them out to a cow at the rate of half a bushel per day. "At that time," he says, "she was giving about eight quarts of milk per day, but instead of this increasing the quantity, it diminished it. I increased the feed to a bushel per day; still there was a decrease in the quantity of milk until the pumpkins froze up, when she did not give but four quarts per day. The cow did not fatten, and the reason for the decrease in the quantity of milk, I could in no way account for. I then took out all the seeds, when, lo, the change!—instead of five quarts of milk per day, I got nearly nine in a short time.

"Fanny, don't you think that Mr. Bold is a handsome man?"

"Oh, no—I can't endure his looks. He is homely enough."

"Well, he's fortunate, at all events; for an old aunt has just died and left him fifty thousand dollars.

"Indeed! is it true? Well, now I come to recollect, there is a certain noble air about him; and he has a fine eye—that can't be denied."

Busy not thyself in searching into other men's lives—the errors of thine own are more than thou canst answer.

An Irishman was asked at dinner whether he would take some apple pie? "Is it houlsome?" inquired Paddy. "To be sure it is; why isn't it?" "Because," said Paddy, "I once had an uncle that was killed with appleplexy, and sure enough I thought it was something of the same sort."

WOMAN'S WIT.—The California diary gives the following instance of brevity and wit in women:—

I encountered, to-day, in a ravine, some three miles distant, among the gold washers, a woman from San Jose. She was at work with a large wooden bowl, by the side of a stream. I asked her how long she had been there, and how much gold she averaged a day. She replied, "Three weeks and an ounce." Her reply reminded me of an anecdote of the late Judge B——, who met a girl returning from market, and asked her, "How deep did you find the stream? what did you get for your butter?" "Up to the knee and ninepence," was the reply. "Ah!" said the judge to himself; "she is the girl for me; no words lost there;" turned back, proposed, was accepted, and married the next week; and a more happy couple the conjugal bonds never united; the nuptial lamp never waned; its ray was steady and clear to the last. Ye who paddle off and on for several years, and are at last, perhaps, capsized, take a lesson of the judge. That "up to the knee and ninepence," is worth all the rose letters and melancholy rhymes ever penned.

TO CURE CRAMP.—A cold application to the bottom of the bare feet, such as iron, water, rock, earth or ice, when it can be had—the better. It will relieve in five minutes. If in the upper part of the body or arms, then apply the remedy to the hands also.

FOR BURNS.—The inside of a potato scraped and mixed with equal parts of olive oil, and turpentine in sufficient proportion portion to make a poultice, will form a soothing and healing application.

"Cut my straps and let me go to glory," as Dow, Jr., said when he first kissed a girl.

A man, "a little better for liquor," as poor Munden used to have it, was gliding his way through Gower Street, lately, the pavement being like a piece of glass. At length he fell down just as a policeman was approaching the spot, who said to him good humoredly:

"I say, old fellow, I must take you up for sliding on the pavement."

To which he that was floored said, with great *sang froid:*

"I really vish you vould, for I cannot get up myself."

A story is told in a Western paper in regard to the present season of lent. A rather simple Episcopalian noticed, during the season of Lent, that the church-bell was rung every day, and, not understanding it, he turned one day to a brother in the church, and asked him what *their bell* was rung for so often. "Why," said his friend, "it is Lent." With charming simplicity he replied, "*Lent!* who has *borrowed?*"

"Sambo, 'spose dere is six chickens in a coop, and the man sells three, how many is dere left?"

"What time ob day was it?"

"What hab dat got to do wit it?"

"A good deal. If it was after dark, dere would be none left, dat is, if you happened to be along dat way."

"Look heah, nigga, stop dem personalities, or I'll shove a brick at dat head ob yourn."

CLEANING STOVES.—Stove lustre when mixed with turpentine and applied in the usual manner, is blacker, more glossy and durable than if put on with any other liquid. The turpentine prevents rust—and when put on an old rusty stove, will make it look as well as new.

TO CURE CORNS.—A writer in one of the agricultural papers declares on his own experience that to pare corns and then apply a drop or two of wormwood oil is a certain cure.

The choicest fruit of the tree of happiness are covered with leaves and hid from sight.

"Ma," said a little girl to her mother, "do men want to get married as much as the women do?"

'Snigglefriz, will you have some of the butter?' 'Thank you, madam, I belong to the temperance society, and can't take anything strong.'

CRITICAL.—A man having published another as a liar, a scoundrel, and a poltroon, the latter complains that he does not spell 'poltroon' correctly.

True virtue is like precious odors.—Sweeter the more crushed.

GIFT BOOKS.

JUST RECEIVED the following beautiful Gift Books.—American Scenery; Leeaflets of Memory, Gem of the Seasons; Passion Flower; The Token; &c. &c. For sale at the Book Store.

Jan 1857. E. W. OGBURN & Co.

MISCELLANEOUS WORKS.

RECOLLECTIONS of a Life-time; Tit for Tat, a reply to, "Dud;" Magdeline Hepburn, by the author of Zaidee: Live and Learn; Prince of the House of David; Missing Bride; Spurgeon, the modern Whitfield; with numerous other works, and articles just received and for sale at the Book Store. E. W. OGBURN & Co.

Jan 1857.

MARBLE YARD.

NORTH STREET OPPOSITE HOPKINS HOTEL,
Greensboro. N. C.

THE undersigned would respectfully inform the citizens of Greensboro and surrounding country, that he has opened a Marble Shop a few doors North of the Court House, where he is prepared to furnish all kinds of MONUMENTS, TOMBS and GRAVE STONES, as cheap as they can be had in any part of the country. He flatters himself that for workmanship he will give satisfaction to the most fastidious. He invites all to give him a call before purchasing elsewhere.

GEO. HEINRICH.

Feb. 2, 1857. (57::1y.)

TEXT Books, used in Colleges and Common Schools, kept constantly on hand by E. W. OGBURN.

ROWLAND & BROTHERS,
COMMISSION MERCHANTS,
NORFOLK, VIRGINIA,

ARE prepared to receive and dispose of, advantageously, any quantity of flour from Orange, Alamance, Guilford and neighboring counties. Many years experience with every facility and ability enables us to guarantee satisfaction and promptness in all sales. We have sold for, and refer to among many others: Hon. Thomas Ruffin, John Newlin, P. A. Holt W. R. Albright, Alamance; J. H. Haughton, A. H. Lindley, Chatham; P. C. Cameron, John F. Lyon, W. J. Bingham, Orange; John Long, Randoldh; E. G. Beade. G. & H. Williams, Person. 6::1yr.

J. D. CUMMING. C. W. STYRON.

CUMMING & STYRON,
Commission and Forwarding
MERCHANTS,
WILMINGTON, N. C.

Cabinet Furniture
AND
COTTAGE BEDSTEADS,
MANUFACTURED BY
JOS. STARR.

THESE BEDSTEADS, with other articles of Cabinet Furniture, kept constantly on hand and for sale cheap by the Manufacturer. Apply at his shop on Greene Street, between West Market and Sycamore.

Greensboro, N. C. 22:7m

E. W. OGBURN, dealer in School, Religious, Scientific, Standard, prose and Poetical Works in General Literature; Law Books, Miscellany, Albums, Music and Writing Port Folios, Writing Desks, Music and Musical Instruments, Stationery, Fancy Articles, &c.

Greensborough, N. C.
Market Street, second square from the court house.

DRUGS! DRUGS!! DRUGS!!!

JUST to hand a large and well selected stock of Medicines, Oils, Paints, Dye Stuff, Brushes, Perfumery, Pomades, Extracts, Soaps, Cosmetics.

Also,

SEGARS of the choicest Brands; in fact, every article usually found in a Drug Store. Call on East Market. Orders promptly filled, Perscription carefully put up at all hours by

W. C. PORTER

TWELVE Sermons by Dr. Deems, Just received and for sale by E. W. OGBURN.

BOLTING CLOTHS and BURR MILL STONES.—The genuine Anchor Wand Cloths of all Nos. from 1 to 11, inclusive, kept in full supply on hand. French Burr Mill Stones of any size, to order, and warranted, delivered at Wilmington, Fayetteville, or any Station on the N. C. Railroad.

R. G. LINDSAY,

April, 1856. N. E. corner of Elm & Market

GREAT IMPROVEMENTS.
Ambrotypes.

THE Subscriber would respectfully inform the ladies and gentlemen of Greensboro' and vicinity, that he is now prepared to take AMBROTYPE LIKENESSES in all the beauty of art; they surpass the DAGUERREOTYPE in beauty of delineation, giving the most delicate contrast between light and shade, making a positive picture that can be seen in any light, and are not affected by atmosphere or water, and will last for all time.

ALSO,

DAGUERREOTYPES, in all the various branches of the art with the newest improvements—Instructions given in Ambrotyping and Daguerreotyping on reasonable terms, APPARATUS and STOCK furnished if desired.

12::1y A. STARRETT.

VALUABLE LAND FOR SALE.—On Tuesday of Guilford Superior Court, April 21st, 1857, a valuable tract of land will be sold at the Court House door in the town of Greensboro, to the highest bidder. The tract contains about ONE HUNDRED AND FIFTY ACRES of the best farming land. It is situated about one mile from Gibsonville Station N. C. R. R. and adjoining the Boon Hill gold mine, and formerly owned by Daniel Low and Thomas Sockwell.

It is well timbered and watered and in every respect desirable.

Terms liberal and made known on day of sale. E. W. OGBURN & CO.

Feb. 24, 1857. 60::td.

G. H. KELLEY & BROTHER, Dealers in Family Groceries and provisions, No. 11 North Water St., Wilmington, N. C. Will keep constantly on hand, Sugars, Coffee, Molasses, Chees, Flour, Butter, Lard, Soaps, Crackers. Starch, Oils, Snuffs, &c., &c. *References.*—O. G. Parsley, President of Commercial Bank, John McRae, President of Bank of Wilmington, of Wilmington; A. M. Gorman, Rev. R. T. Heflin, of Raleigh; J. & F. Garrett, David McKnight, of Greensborough. 8::ly.

AMBROTYPES.—Z. S. COFFIN, the Ambrotype Artist, has come and taken rooms over Gilmer & Hendrix's Store formerly occupied by Mr. Starrett.

It has been thought by some that this process had already attained its ultimatum, but improvements are still being made at Coffin's Ambrotype Gallery, as will readily be conceded by those who are willing to call and notice his specimens.

His Ambrotypes are finished up with two glasses hermetically sealed together, colored beautifully, and warranted neither to fade nor spot

Remember his rooms are over Gilmer & Hendrix's Store. An early call would be advisable as his stay will be short, owing to other engagements. 60::3m.

Feb. 25, 1857.

A NEW CABINET SHOP—J. A. PRITCHETT would respectfully inform the citizens of Greensboro and surrounding country that he has opened a CABINET SHOP on South street, one door from the Depot, where he is prepared to furnish all articles in his line such as Dressing Bureaus, Wardrobes, Bedsteads, Washstands, Tables, &c.

Work delivered on board the Cars *free of charge.*

He is desirous that all persons wishing anything in his line would call and examine his work as he is confident, from his past experience, that it cannot be excelled in any other shop. 60::1y

FRESH ARRIVALS.

PER SCHR. D. C. Hulse, from New York:

25 Bags Rio Coffee,
10 Bbls C. T. Sugar,
10 Kegs Goshen Butter, prime,
Low for cash.

GEO. H. KELLEY & BRO.

Wilmington, Jan. 15.

WANTED.

A SITUATION as principal of an Academy or assistant in a High School, by a young man of good moral character, who is competent to fill such a position, and has had considerable experience in teaching. For particulars address Editors Times, and state Terms, &c.

Greensboro, Feb. 2. 1857.

FARMERS HALL, Raleigh, N. C.

HARVEST.
July, 1856.

Grain and Grass Reapers.
Sinclair's, Montgomery, Rockaway Wheat Fans.
Heavy and light Horse Powers & Thrashers.
Revolving Horse Rakes.
Sinclair's and Grant's Grain Cradles.
Grain and Grass Blades, all sizes and best qualities.
Scythe Stones and Rakes, &c., &c.

Also,

Sinclair's French Burr Stone Grist Mill.
Ditto Iron Mill, & Corn & Cob Crushers combined warranted to grind table meal.
Scott's Little Giant, all sizes,
Sinclair's Little Champion, & Leavelt's improved Young America. } Corn & Cob Crushers.
McGregory's Agricultural Boilers, all sizes.
Sinclair's Horse and Hand Iron Propeller Straw Cutters.
Corn Shellers, &c., &c., all of which may be had at Manufacturer's prices, with freight only added. JAMES M. TOWLES,

(27::tf) *Raleigh, N. C.*

Old Bonnets Made New!

MRS. LUCRETIA SALLEE, having settled in Greensboro', where she expects to carry on Bleaching, Cutting, and Shaping Bonnets, flatters herself from her long experience in the business, that she can give satisfaction to all who may give her a call. She can make the most ill-shaped Bonnet look as bright as if new.

All work sent from a distance shall be promptly attended to. One trial is all that is asked to give satisfaction.

Call in the corner house in the rear of Messrs. J. & F. GARRETT'S STORE. (44::tf)

A NEW ENTERPRIZE.

YOUNG MEN, Old men or any body-else wishing to make money easy, by engaging in an honorable, pleasant and profitable business will do well to address the subscriber immediately as he is in want of several Agents in every Town and county in the United States for a business by which persevering and energetic persons can make from **$75** to **$100** per month.

This is a rare chance for young men out of employment, or those wishing to change their occupation. Address with only $1 enclosed and I will send full particulars by return mail.

A. N. PETERS.

(54—3mpd.) Norfolk Va.

DISSOLUTION.—The Firm of Harrell & Moring has been dissolved by mutual consent. The business of the Firm will be settled by G. W. Harrell.

Sept., 1856. HARRELL & MORING.

Tailoring—Fall and Winter Fashions.

Geo. W. Harrell takes this method of informing the public that he has received his supply of Paris, New York and Philadelphia Fashions for the Fall and Winter of 1856.

From my long experience, and the many advantages I have had, having been a pupil of Mr. J. W. Albright, of Philadelphia, celebrated for his skill in the art, I flatter myself that I cannot be excelled in *GARMENT CUTTING* in this country.

I hereby return my grateful acknowlegments for the very liberal patronage I have received since I have been in business here, and hope to merit and receive a liberal share of public favor.

My Shop is up stairs, over the Store of Mr. Wm. S. Gilmer, and immediately opposite the Bland House. G. W. HARRELL.

Oct., 1856. 40::tf

Fall and Winter Goods.

R. G. Lindsay,

North-East corner of Elm and Market Streets,

WOULD invite the attention of his customers and the community generally to his well selected and carefully purchased stock of FALL & WINTER GOODS, consisting of almost every variety of articles suitable for the season.

Cloths, Cassimers, Tweeds and Jeans, N. C. Kerseys, twilled and plain Northern Linsey, &c. Ladies' Dress Goods—in variety—Merinoes, Figured and Plain De Laines, all Wool Plaids, &c. &c., Cloaks, Shawls and Scarfs, Ginghams and Prints, Fine Bed Blankets, Negro ditto.

A full supply of Hardware, Cutlery, Nails, Andirons, Spades, Shovels and Forks.

Coffee, Sugars, Teas, green and black, Carpetings, Rugs and Door Mats, Hats, Caps and Umbrellas, &c., &c., &c.

Rock Island Jeans and Cassimers, Kerseys—Bolting Cloths, Burr Mill Stones, Grindstones.

Oct. 10, 1856.

A CARD.

THE MERCHANTS of Greensboro, feeling the necessity of a change in their manner of doing business in this place, have resolved to have all debts made for goods sold due the first of each July and the first of each January, without regard to the date of the purchase. We are decidedly of the opinion that it will be better for the customer as well as the merchant.

January 1, 1857:

J. & F. GARRETT,
W. J. McCONNEL,
GILMER & HENDRIX,
A. P. ECKLE,
T. J. PATRICK,
J. F. JOLLEE & CO.,
J. N. THOMPSON,
R. G. LINDSAY,
J. R. & J. SLOAN,
W. C. PORTER,
A. WEATHERLY,
RANKIN & McLEAN,
WINBOURNE & WITTY,
C. N. McADOO.

(56::tf)

SELLING OFF
AT COST!

FALL & WINTER CLOTHING.

HAVING determined to sell out my heavy stock of Clothing, I will dispose of such as Over Coats, and other heavy Articles, AT COST, and the remaining Goods at prices much below the market rates. Those in need of Ready-Made Clothing will find it to their interest by calling on me soon, as I intend to sell at reduced prices for CASH.

S. ARCHER.

East Market St., opposite the Farmers' Bank. Greensboro, Dec. 16, 1856.

SIX MINUTE CHURNS.

ANOTHER Lot of these Celebrated Hydro Thermal Churns just at hand at Manufacturer's prices, only adding freight.

JAMES M. TOWLES,

(27::tf) *Raleigh, N. C.*

J. BEVERLY HUNTER,
GENERAL LAND AGENT,
SUNSBURY GATES Co., N. C.

WILL GIVE prompt attention to the collection of all Bounty Land Claims, Revolutionary Pensions etc., that may be placed in his hands.

He will also attend to buying and selling located Lands in the States of Missouri, Illinois, Arkansas and Texas.

☞ Terms moderate. No charge made in any case unless Successful.

REFERS TO—

Thos. Bragg,	Governor N. C.
Hon. H. W Miller,	Raleigh N. C.
" Keneth Rayner,	Raleigh N. C.
Col. R. T. Paine,	M. C. N. C.
Joseph Segar	Hampton, Va.

(57—3m.)

BLANK WARRANTS FOR SALE.

BOARD AT NORMAL COLLEGE.

AT a meeting of the citizens, the following was established as the price of Board for the next three terms:—Board including every thing necessary, except washing and fuel, paid in advance, $6.50 per month.
Paid at the end of the Term, 7.00 "
Washing, 75 "

This will reduce the necessery exponses to about $105 per annum, for the highest rates.

Next term commences September 17.

B. CRAVEN.

Sept. 2, 1856. 31-tf

SOUTHERN LOTTERY! SAVANNAH, Georgia, on the Havana Plan of Single Numbers. Lowest Prize Forty Dollars. JASPER COUNTY ACADEMY LOTTERY, *by authority of the State of Georgia. CLASS W,* draws March 16, 1857, at Savannah, Ga., under the sworn superintendence of Major W. P. BOWEN and W. R. SYMONS, Esq. Saturday Schemes will be drawn every Saturday at Macon, Ga. Monthly Large Schemes will be drawn at Savannah, about the 15th of every month. Nearly one prize to every nine Tickets! 15,000 Tickets! 1,712 Prizes!! Prizes payable without deduction. This Lottery has only Fifteen Thousand Numbers—less than any Lottery in the World!

BRILLIANT SCHEME!

1 Prize of		$15,000
1 "		5,000
1 "		2,000
4 Prizes of	$1,000 are	4,000
5 "	500 are	2,500
80 "	100 are	8,000
1,500 "	40 are	60,000
APPROXIMATION PRIZES.		
20 Approx. of	$100 are	$2,500
50 "	50 are	2,500
50 "	20 are	1,000
1,712 Prizes amounting to		$102,000

Whole Tickets $10—Halves $5—Quarters $2.50.

Purchase Ten Tickets ending with the consecutive Numbers, 1, 2, 3, 4, 5, 6, 7, 8, 9, 0, and you will draw back four-tenths of the amount paid for the Tickets, besides the chances of obtaining Capitals. Patrons will find it to their interest to buy Certificates of Ten Tickets, ending consecutively with 1, 2, 3, 4, 5, 6, 7, 8, 9, 0. By this plan they forfeit the Prize ending with the same Number as the Capitol, and get four more chances in every ten to gain the Capitals.

Certificates of Packages of ten tickets, are sold at the following rates, which is the risk:

10 Whole Tickets, 60 dollars
10 Half do 30
10 Quarter do 15

☞ Bank Notes of sound Banks taken at par. Checks on New York remitted for Prizes.

☞ Address Orders for Tickets or Certificates of Packages of Tickets to

JAMES F. WINTER, *Manager,*
(52::1y) *Macon or Savannah, Ga.*

MARYLAND LOTTERIES FOR MARCH 1857. R. France & Co., Managers. Drawings conducted under the superintendence of the State Lottery Commissioner. Prizes paid as soon as drawn. A grand Maryland Lottery on the Havana Plan. Grand Consolidated Lottery of Md. *Extra Class 2,* to be drawn in Baltimore, Md., SATURDAY, March 28, 1857.

30,000 Numbers!—1,000 Prizes!

In these Lotteries every Prize must be drawn by some one, as all the Prizes are drawn out of the wheel.

☞ T. H. Hubbard & Co. are authorized by the Managers to fill all orders.

SPLENDID SCHEME.

1 Prize of		$32,000
1 "		10,000
2 Prizes of		4,960
2 "		3,000
4 "		2,000
4 "		1,750
4 "		1,500
4 "		1,250
4 "		1,000
10 "		700
20 "		500
144 "		300
APPROXIMATION PRIZES.		
4 of	$400 approx. to	$32,000
4 of....300	"	10,000
8 of....200	"	4,960
8 of....150	"	3,000
16 of....100	"	2,000
16 of.... 90	"	1,750
16 of.... 80	"	1,500
16 of.... 70	"	1,250
16 of.... 60	"	1,000
40 of.... 55	"	700
80 of.... 50	"	500
576 of.... 30	"	300
1,000 prizes,		$183,600

Whole Tickets $10; Halves 5; Quarters 2.50.

GRAND CONSOLIDATED LOTTERY OF MARYLAND. Class E, to be drawn in Baltimore, Md., Saturday, March 21st, 1857.

SCHEME.

1 prize of		$63.710
2 prizes of		12.500
2 "		8.000
10 "		5.000
10 "		3.800
10 "		2.000
100 "		1.250
85 "		600
132 "		300
132 "		200
132 "		100
3.960 "		40
25.740 "		20
30,316 prizes amounting to		$1,141,110

Wholes $20; Halves $10; Quarters $5; Eighths $2.50.

CERTIFICATE

of Package of 26 Wholes, cost		$316 000
" 26 Halves,	"	158 000
" 26 Quarters,	"	79 000
" 26 Eighths,	"	39 000

All orders for tickets or packages in any of the Maryland Lotteries, will receive prompt attention, and the drawing mailed to all purchasers immediately after it is over.

Address T. H. HUBBARD & CO.
No. 39 Fayette st., or Box, No. 40,
(41::ly) Baltimore, Maryland.

CABINET WAREHOUSE

BY

PETER THURSTON,
West Market, Greensboro, N. C.

LARGE quantity of Furniture kept constantly on hand, or made to order cheap. Also, agent for Fisk's Patent Metalic Octagon Burial Cases.

January, 1857. 53::1y

OAK RIDGE INSTITUTE.
GUILFORD COUNTY, N. C.

THE Spring Session of Oak Ridge Institute will open on Tuesday (the 17th day) of February, under the instruction of

REV. T. S. WHITTINGTON, A.B.,

with competent assistants.

As the principal has had five years experience in training the youthful mind, the Trustees feel confident in recommending the School.

This Institution is located in a highly refined and moral community, in the Northwest part of Guilford county on the Salem and Danville road; 15 miles from the former and 50 from the latter place. It is 15 miles from Greensboro, at which place, students coming on the Cars, take the Salem stage to Kernersville, thence by private conveyance to the Institution a distance of 7 miles.

The Institution offers every facility necessary to prepare young men for the highest Collegiate Classes, or, if *continued* with us to make them profound thinkers and thorough scholars in every department of a classical education.

BOARD is invariably **$6** per month; Tuition varies from **$8** to **$12.50** per session; Matriculate Fee, **$1** per session.

For further information, address the Principal or Jesse Benbow, Secretary of the Board. Oak Ridge P. O., N. C. (54::3m)

CARRIAGE FOR SALE.

A GOOD second-hand Carriage for sale very cheap. Apply soon to

July 11, 1856. R. G. LINDSAY.

SWAN & CO.'S LOTTERIES

[*Authorized by the State of Georgia.*]

Capital Prize $50,000!!!

Owing to the great favor with which our Single Number Lotteries have been received by the public, and the large demand for Tickets, the Managers, S. SWAN & CO., will have a drawing each Saturday throughout the year. The Scheme will be drawn in each of their Lotteries for March, 1857.

CLASS 26,

To be drawn in the City of Atlanta, Georgia, in public, on *Saturday, March 7th* 1857.

CLASS 27,

To be drawn in the City of Atlanta, Georgia, in public, on *Saturday, March 14th,* 1857.

CLASS 28,

To be drawn in the City of Atlanta, Georgia, in public, on *Saturday, March 21th,* 1857.

CLASS 29,

To be drawn in the City of Atlanta, Georgia, in public, on *Saturday, March 28th,* 1857, on the Plan of Single Numbers. Three thousand two hundred and sixty Prizes! More than one Prize to every ten Tickets. 30,000 Tickets.

Brilliant Scheme!

1	Prize of	$50,000	is	$50,000
1	"	20,000	is	20,000
1	"	10,000	is	10,000
1	"	9,000	is	9,000
1	"	8,000	is	8,000
1	"	7,000	is	7,000
1	"	6,000	is	6,000
1	"	5,000	is	5,000
1	"	4,000	is	4,000
1	"	3,000	is	3,000
1	"	2,000	is	2,000
1	"	1,000	is	1,000
100	Prizes of	100	are	10,000
100	"	50	are	5,000

Approximation Prizes.

4	prizes of $250 to $50,000	are	$1,000
4	" 200 to 20,000	are	800
4	" 100 to 10,000	are	400
4	" 80 to 9,000	are	320
4	" 65 to 8,000	are	260
4	" 60 to 7,000	are	240
4	" 55 to 6,000	are	220
4	" 50 to 5,000	are	200
4	" 45 to 4,000	are	180
4	" 40 to 3,000	are	160
4	" 30 to 2,000	are	120
4	" 25 to 1,000	are	100
3,000	" 20	are	60,000
3,260	Prizes amounting to		$294,000

Whole Tickets $10; Halves 5; Quarters 2½.

PLAN OF THE LOTTERY.

The Numbers from 1 to 30,000, corresponding with those on the Tickets printed on separate slips of paper, are encircled with small tin tubes and placed in one Wheel.

The first 212 Prizes, similarly printed and encircled, are placed in another Wheel.

The wheels are then revolved, and a number is drawn from the wheel of Numbers, and at the same time a Prize is drawn from the other wheel. The Number and Prize drawn out are opened and exhibited to the audience, and registered by the Commissioners; the Prize being placed against the Number drawn. This operation is repeated until all the Prizes are drawn out.

Approximation Prizes—The two preceding and the two succeeding Numbers to those drawing the first 12 Prizes will be entitled to the 48 Approximation Prizes, according to the scheme.

The 3,000 Prizes of $20 will be determined by the last figure of the Number that draws the $50,000 Prize. For example, if the Number drawing the $50,000 Prize ends with No. 1, then all the Tickets, where the number ends in 1, will be entitled to $20. If the Number ends with No. 2, then all the Tickets where the number ends in 2, will be entitled to $20, and so on to 0.

Certificates of Packages will be sold at the following rates, which is the risk:

CERTIFICATE

of Package of 10 Whole Tickets,		$80
" 10 Half	"	40
" 10 Quarter	"	20

In ordering Tickets or Certificates.

Enclose the money to our address for the Tickets ordered, on receipt of which they will be forwarded by first mail. Purchasers can have tickets ending in any figure they may designate.

The List of Drawn Numbers and Prizes will be sent to purchasers immediately after the drawing.

☞ Purchasers will please write their signatures plain, and give their Post Office, County and State.

☞ Remember that every Prize is drawn, and payable in full without deduction.

☞ All Prizes of $1,000 and under, paid immediately after the drawing—other Prizes at the usual time of thirty days.

All communications strictly confidential. Prize Tickets cashed or exchanged in other Tickets at either office.

Address orders for Tickets or Certificates either to

S. SWAN & CO., Atlanta, Ga.
or S. SWAN, Montgomery, Ala.

(52::1y)

HOWARD ASSOCIATION, Philadelphia.—Important Announcement to all persons afflicted with Sexual Diseases, such as Spermatorrhœa, Seminal Weakness, Impotence, Gonorrhœa, Gleet, Syphilis, the vice of Onanism, or Self Abuse, &c., &c.

The Howard Association, in view of the awful destruction of human life, caused by Sexual diseases, and the deceptions practised upon the unfortunate victims of such diseases by Quacks, have directed their Consulting Surgeon, as a CHARITABLE ACT worthy of their name, to give MEDICAL ADVICE GRATIS, to all persons thus afflicted, who apply by letter, with a description of their condition, (age, occupation, habits of life, &c.,) and in cases of extreme poverty and suffering, to furnish Medicines *free of charge.*

The Howard Association is a benevolent Institution, established by special endowment, for the relief of the sick and distressed, afflicted with "Virulent and Epidemic Diseases." It has now a surplus of means, which the Directors have voted to expend in advertising the above notice. It is needless to add that the Association commands the highest medical skill of the age, and will furnish the most approved modern treatment.

Just published, by the Association, a Report on Spermatorrhœa, or Seminal Weakness, the vice of Onanism,